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THIS WEEK

EDITORIALS, NEWS & VIEWS

179 Gov. Rockefeller's Divorce
180 The Race That Was
180 Aid Without Strings
181 Tito in the United States
182 Padlock on the Living Theatre

ARTICLES, FEATURES

182 Saving Latin Democracies
by William V. Shannon
185 The Jews in Germany
by Adolph Schalk
188 Pope and Bishops
by Gregory Baum
191 A Non-Aggression Pact?
by Wilson C. McWilliams
196 "Toward the Open College"
An Exchange of Views

VERSE

187 Come Feed the World
by Daniel Berrigan

DEPARTMENTS

194 The Stage
by Richard Gilman
195 The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung
198 Books

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Gov. Rockefeller's Divorce

ANY ACT is politically relevant if enough voters think it is. And so Governor Rockefeller's divorce and remarriage are politically relevant. The polls have shown it, and any attempt to separate the political from the personal, or at least to demonstrate that *some* personal acts are not relevant to office-holding, seems somewhat futile. The whole national tradition is against separating the personal and political, particularly when the Presidency is the office at stake.

In Great Britain, the Prime Minister may be simply a man; the Queen must see to it that she embodies the moral image of the nation. In the American Presidency, no such distinction exists. An aspirant to the White House must not only be prepared to guide the nation; he must be ready to cultivate the image of a folk-hero embodying the highest national values, and he must be prepared to accept the nation's ire if his personal acts, whether relevant or not, fall much below what is considered a proper level.

In one sense, of course, the heavy moral stress here is valuable. It is part of the dignity of the Presidency and serves notice that any man aspiring to the office must be prepared to meet the highest requirements. On the other hand, the high moral view of the Presidency can be very narrow and disruptive, serving to eliminate an otherwise qualified candidate on highly dubious grounds, without the tedious necessity of actually having to prove the man unfit.

The case against Governor Rockefeller is considerably more complex than the one against Adlai Stevenson. Stevenson was merely divorced. Rockefeller not only remarried; he remarried a newly divorced woman, younger than his wife; he did it apparently rather abruptly, and he did not seek custody of the second wife's children by her first marriage. Each of these factors has apparently hurt Rockefeller badly. The multiple nature of the complaint is reflected by *Sign* magazine, attacking Rockefeller in its October issue: "To terminate a marriage of thirty-one years and marry the newly divorced mother of four young children and then to present himself to the American people as a man with the integrity and character to lead them is just too much."

THE ASSUMPTION here seems to be that a divorced man and woman who remarry cannot possibly be people of integrity and character. There is no room here for qualifications; no awareness that perhaps not all the facts are in; no willingness, even, to judge the man's moral stance in terms of public and private acts performed over the length of an adult life. The candidate is simply dismissed in a few lines as unworthy of real consideration. He is, in fact, asked to withdrawn from the race for the nomination because of "this flagrant transgression of our code of life [that] has properly drawn the rebuke of Americans of all faiths."

Another argument has been smuggled in here, under cover of the phrase "Americans of all faiths," and that is Catholic opposition to divorce. But whose "code of life" is Governor Rockefeller expected to live by? His own code does not prohibit divorce and remarriage. As tragic as the break-up of two families may be, there is no evidence that Rockefeller acted against his own best conscience. The assumptions necessary to eliminate Rockefeller here on moral grounds are the kind no judge would tolerate for a moment in a potential juror. Yet these assumptions are being made on a major scale, and in the name of morality.

As far as the execution of his public duties goes, it is largely irrelevant whether the Presidency is filled by a divorced man. Clearly the fact of a divorce, by itself, gives no indication of a President's ability or inability to fulfill his duties. Neither does the charge—used in the whisper campaign against

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Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and 1956—that a candidate was "unable to get along with his wife." No close study of our five or six greatest Presidents would uphold the contention that a smooth domestic life is essential to a successful Presidency.

Presumably the office of the President is so important that candidates for it should be judged centrally on their views, both political and moral, that affect the life and course of the nation. But a man's private affairs, except as they may cast some doubt on his ability to function—to make rational decisions, to work for the common good, to put public before private advantage—ought not to overshadow the entire program and stance he offers the electorate. It is primarily on this basis that Governor Rockefeller should be judged as a candidate for the Presidency.

The Race That Was

OVER THE years, the United States space program has appeared in many guises. When defense and deterrence were the first cry of the day, the program was sold to the public as an essential part of national security. Later, when "Sputnik I" made its debut, national "prestige" provided the selling point for Congress and the people. Here and there during these years one could also hear lofty statements about the importance of the space program for the discovery of non-ideological scientific truth. But that was a subsidiary theme. What brought in the money were the twin slogans of security and prestige. And of all the prestige projects, none could compare with the race for the moon. To the winner, it was sometimes suggested, would go the newly emergent nations, the domination of space and the symbolic (and possibly real) conquest of the nations of the earth.

By any standard, it was to be an epic competition, a true-to-life Jules Verne-Cecil B. DeMille production with nothing less than the future of mankind at stake. It was almost too dramatic to be true. At some point, reality had to intervene. And intervene it did, first in the American realization that the target date of 1969 was becoming increasingly implausible; and, secondly, in the apparent Russian recognition that a full-scale race would place an insupportable burden on the Soviet economy. With the announcement by Premier Khrushchev that the Soviet Union had no desire "to compete in sending people to the moon" the great confrontation turned into the great anticlimax.

What remain are many sober second-thoughts. The question of "prestige" has always been a dubious one, made all the more doubtful by the rising tide of scientific opinion that the landing of instruments on the moon could accomplish, much more cheaply, the scientific purposes of moon exploration. No less important, it seems impossible to discount the many reasons militating against vast spending for a manned moon landing: urgent domestic social needs, the monopolization of already scarce scientific talent, and the slighting of more useful, productive space projects.

For all these reasons, one might expect Congress to be happy about the Soviet decision. But it may not turn out that way. For one thing, many important segments of the business community have come to look upon the space program as their salvation in the face of a slackening arms industry; they will be resistant to cutbacks. For another, the military-minded are not likely to cease pressing for a quick, decisive American domination of space. In sum, the Soviet decision opens up the possibility of a more realistic look at the U.S. space program, but only a possibility. It is far too early to predict a sudden disappearance of that fog of unreality which has bedeviled the program from the start, which has substituted appearance for relevance, public relations for intelligence.

Aid Without Strings

THE RATHER startling suggestion of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that American foreign aid programs be administered through international agencies after the conclusion of the coming fiscal year has so far provoked only the mildest response. Here and there it is welcomed as part of a change of policy designed to cut down the drain on our balance of payments and effect long-sought government economies.

The nation's press is paying less heed to another aspect of the matter: its possibilities for greater effectiveness in underdeveloped lands as argued by Eugene Black and other spokesmen. At present, four-fifths of the sums loaned for development have to be spent for United States equipment and technical services—in the case, for example, of loans from our Agency for International Development (AID). This all too readily gives rise in the minds of the recipients to suspicions of economic imperialism. Moreover, when one nation is lending to another, national pride often creates obstacles to the lender's effective insistence that the projects in question be carried out responsibly, that the money be well spent—or, even more important at times, that the borrowing country contribute commensurate efforts of its own in order to qualify for such assistance.

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International agencies such as the World Bank could establish and maintain such prerequisites without being charged with "ulterior motives" or self-interest. A shift of this kind could also serve as one means of fostering greater and more proportionate participation in development aid by other countries, particularly the prosperous industrial nations of Western Europe. All in all it could result in an expansion of such programs (even with a lesser drain on America) in the lands where it would be most fruitful as well as lead to more extensive development all round. Such aid is most fittingly an internationally cooperative venture.

This country's business interests tend to be divided over the idea, with those whose exports would be diminished through competition with other suppliers the most hesitant. If our contributions to such funds are not too sharply cut back in the process, it is hard to think of a more convincing way of giving the lie to the charge of American imperialism. A shift to aid through international agencies would show that our conception of development does not involve an attempt either to impose United States institutional patterns or to secure expanded markets for our goods.

NEWS & VIEWS

Tito in the United States

THE SS ROTTERDAM steamed out of New York harbor on October 25 carrying on board Yugoslavia's traveling salesman, President Tito. During a controversial ten-day U.S. sojourn, Tito visited briefly President Kennedy at the White House, received a standing ovation from the U.N. General Assembly, was subjected to a barrage of vitriolic criticism from members of Congress and the press, and was hounded by pickets and demonstrators chanting, "Tito, Murderer."

From President Tito's point of view the trip to the Americas was highly unsatisfactory. (Before coming to the U.S. he stopped over in Brazil, Chile, Bolivia and Mexico.) In Brazil he was denounced by the conservative press and the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. Upon his arrival in Chile, four ministers resigned and the government crisis prevented Tito from conducting serious talks. In Bolivia and Mexico the reception was more cordial. But Mexico's President Lopez Mateos demurred from any commitment to Tito's brand of "nonalignment."

Tito failed to achieve the major objective of his Latin American tour, to draw Brazil, Mexico, Chile and Bolivia into the "nonaligned" camp. Yet during his talks with Khrushchev in Yugoslavia, Tito had given assurances that the trip would contribute to a rapprochement between Latin America and the Communist world. He, Tito, promised to act as the go-between.

The invitation to visit the White House fulfilled a cherished goal, which had long eluded Tito. But though he received a twenty-one gun salute, his encounter with President Kennedy was brief and perfunctory. On the other hand, Senators Goldwater, Lausche and Dodd led a loud Congressional outcry against the visit. The major portion of the American press was extremely critical of Tito.

All this controversy may make it more difficult for President Kennedy to get Congress to restore "most favored nation treatment" for Yugoslav imports. The Administration, hoping for a Congressional change of heart, had delayed implementing a 1962 Congressional decision to withdraw favored treatment from Yugoslav and Polish products.

International travel plays an all-important role in Tito's conduct of foreign policy. On foreign trips Tito acts as a supersalesman of Yugoslavia's brand of "nonalignment" and of her industrial exports. But though Tito has succeeded in concluding numerous trade agreements, Yugoslavia subsequently often fails to fulfill her commitments, or ships goods of inferior quality which the recipient nation refuses to pay for.

Tito's world-wide junketing is also intended to enhance his role as a world leader. A man of immense ambition and personal vanity, Tito has long felt limited by the smallness of Yugoslavia. He likes to travel abroad, both to relieve his restlessness and enhance his own stature as a leader of "nonaligned" nations. Because of his purported influence in Africa and Asia, both Khrushchev and the U.S. government have attributed to him an importance disproportionate to the size, population or economic strength of Yugoslavia. Tito's world role in turn reinforces his paramount position within the Yugoslav Communist Party.

The recent visit to Latin America and the U.S., however, has hardly enhanced Tito's international prestige. Opponents were given the opportunity to publicize their grievances against Tito's dictatorial rule. Tito's testy refusal even to discuss the imprisonment of Milovan Djilas did not persuade the American public that freedom prevails in Yugoslavia.

Also, though Tito's aides charged that the Croat and Serb pickets in New York were "professional terrorists and Fascists" whom the Communist partisans defeated in World War II, the fact is that most of the demonstrators were young people in their twenties and early thirties who grew up under Tito's regime and escaped abroad in recent years. They were small children during World War II.

Tito's visit to the U.S. hardly improved relations between Washington and Belgrade. Undoubtedly Tito has sailed for home with feelings of deep rancor not only against the U.S. press and the demonstrators but also

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against President Kennedy. Tito is extremely sensitive to personal slights, and President Kennedy's correct but cool greeting surely did not escape him.

Yugoslavia's President is a shrewd and experienced politician, who knows how to dissimulate his anger and disappointment. But his ruffled pride will eventually find expression in Yugoslavia's domestic and foreign policies.

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

Padlock on the Living Theatre

THE LIVING THEATRE has had a rowdy, precarious existence since it was founded seventeen years ago by Judith Malina and Julian Beck. The kind of aggressive, uncompromising drama it was dedicated to putting on made it a great many friends but also some derisive enemies; the extreme political fervor and radical commitment of the Becks meant that there was a frequent neglect of esthetic responsibility; the Theatre's organization as a "minority" enterprise ensured that it would suffer through one financial crisis after another. The latest and, it would appear, ultimate crisis is still in progress, but whatever happens to the Becks and their theater their case has much wider implications than those of a personal fate, since it reflects in some central ways the condition of the theater in this country and, even more broadly, the relationship here between government, the public and the arts.

The Becks have been deeply in debt. They owed some $4,000 in back rent, another $20,000 in miscellaneous obligations and, most pressing of all, about $23,000 to the government in back taxes. To set down only the most salient details of the recent bizarre events, the Internal Revenue Bureau finally cracked down, slapped a lien on the theater and closed it; the Becks defied the order, put on an illicit performance and were taken to jail for impeding government officers in the pursuit of their duty. And there the case hangs at this writing, with the Becks out on bail, the theater shut down and its future thoroughly dubious.

There is no wish here to defend the Becks' conduct or indict the government as an enemy of culture. The government, for all the Kennedys' superficial gestures, is surely not very interested in culture, but its conduct in this case doesn't establish its beastliness, merely its lack of imagination and concern. Moreover, as anarchists the Becks presumably do not expect the law to be anything but oppressive, and as adults they presumably are prepared to take the consequences of defying it. And finally, their implicit plea that they have acted in the name of art doesn't carry much conviction. Art can sometimes help change bad laws by exposing them and pointing up alternatives, but it isn't privileged to defy them except as an imaginative act.

What is really at issue here is the public role and status of such a theater as this one. For all its frequent ineptness, its confusion of neurosis with esthetic truth and of aggression with revelation, the Becks' theater has been the only dependable center of advanced, exciting, important drama in New York, the only consistent antidote to the vapors and degrading ceremonies of Broadway, the one possible source we have had of drama as public corrective and agency of regeneration. With two plays alone, Jack Gelber's "The Connection" and Kenneth Brown's "The Brig," the Living Theatre has done more for the advancement of the stage in New York than all its pompous, institutionalized "lovers" and daunted professionals.

It is just their irreverence, their refusal to be institutionalized and to cater to the timidities and refusal of new experience on the part of the commercial theater and its self-fleeing audiences that has brought the Becks to their present fate. It is too much to ask that the government promulgate and support the ideas and practices of the Living Theatre, since government is by nature almost always at the intellectual center, or somewhere below, of its people's life. But it isn't too much to ask that it protect such theaters' right to exist, by removing as many obstacles as possible, by allowing them to be classified as non-profit enterprises, for example, or by exempting them from restrictions that apply to clearly commercial activities. You cannot create art by fiat but you can surely see to it that art is not badgered by fiat or by laws that do not take into account its special nature and value.

RICHARD GILMAN

WASHINGTON REPORT

Saving Latin Democracies

UNTIL late September, it had been possible to counterpoint the Kennedy Administration's exasperating failures in coping with Castroism in Cuba with the example of its wise and successful use of American power in the neighboring Dominican Republic. But on September 25, President Juan Bosch and his colleagues in the freely-elected, constitutional government were deposed by an old-fashioned military coup. A week later, belying a comforting public reassurance from the State Department, a similar coup overthrew the liberal government of Honduras. Increasingly, the Administration has appeared trapped in a hopeless and baffling squeeze play between the Communist totalitarians and the reactionary militarists allied with the stingy, shortsighted

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wealthy elites in the various Caribbean countries.

The American government's failure to act to prevent these coups contrasts notably with its alert and effective action in 1961-62 in the Dominican Republic. Although the full story cannot now be known, it is generally believed that the Central Intelligence Agency was cognizant of the successful plot to kill Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo in the spring of 1961 and may have given it covert assistance. (If ever there was a case of justified tyrannicide that met all the textbook conditions for such an act, the forcible doing away with this detestable dictator was that case.) Subsequently, American diplomats in Santo Domingo successfully pressured Trujillo's family and retainers to withdraw peacefully from the country. When military officers staged a coup early in 1962, our diplomats forced them to yield control after four days. The presence of American battleships in the harbor of Santo Domingo served considerably to enhance the persuasiveness of our diplomatic remonstrances. When the Dominicans late last year held their first free election in thirty-five years and by a large majority elected the liberal Juan Bosch, Americans could justifiably take pride in the way that our military and political power had served our democratic purpose.

During the first nine months of this year, our government labored heroically to bring social reform and economic justice to the deprived, long-exploited Dominican people. The AID, the Peace Corps, and other American agencies and private foundations provided the Bosch government with practical, down-to-earth help on basic problems such as reforestation, farming techniques, public health, and schooling. In this effort, we had the enthusiastic cooperation of the other liberal democracies in the area—Venezuela, Costa Rica, Honduras, and Puerto Rico. A rural sociologist who headed Costa Rica's social security system had been loaned by his government to help work out an agrarian reform plan. Gov. Munoz Marin of Puerto Rico had assigned his economic adviser to assist the Bosch government to draw up new tax and investment laws.

Our objective was to make the country a second Puerto Rico, another living proof in the Caribbean of the superiority of free institutions. In passing, it is worth reminding ourselves what the Puerto Rican people with some help from us have accomplished. Within the last twenty years, "the average life span in Puerto Rico has increased from forty-six to seventy years, school enrollment from 298,000 to 718,000 students, national income from $250 million to $1.5 billion, and an annual per capita income from $125 to $700. This is the highest per capita income in Latin America, with the sole exception of Venezuela."

This is all the more impressive when contrasted with Castro's performance in Cuba. The Puerto Ricans have made these material strides without torture, exile, crowded prisons, thought control, economic regimentation, and the other elements of Communist totalitarianism that Castro has imposed upon the Cubans. Moreover, Cuba, naturally a rich island, has suffered a catastrophic decline in its standard of living.

In combating Castroism and Communism on the political and intellectual front, it is of the utmost importance that free countries be able to demonstrate that peaceful reforms and liberal politics can achieve genuine social justice, that the accomplishments in Puerto Rico in the past twenty years provide a pattern and are not just a fluke. That is why the fate of the Bosch government in the Dominican Republic was of such special importance for American policy in the hemisphere, over and above our fundamental human and Christian desire to help any people who are trying to help themselves.

Bosch, it must be said, was not the ideal leader for the Dominican people in the circumstances in which they found themselves after Trujillo's downfall. Bosch, a long-time exile, is a littérateur rather than a man of power. He lacks the wiliness, toughness, and flexibility of Betancourt in Venezuela and Munoz Marin in Puerto Rico. A superb orator and an attractive human being, he proved an inept executive. Nevertheless, he had the right ideals and the right program, and he was trying hard. In his brief tenure in office, progress was slow but encouraging.

His election had been a surprise to the country's relatively small upper class whose members had expected that they would have a monopoly of power such as they had enjoyed before having to share it with Trujillo. Bosch appealed successfully over their heads to the impoverished small farmers, landless laborers, and urban poor. The officers in the armed services, unaccustomed to the give-and-take of a free society, had a deep distrust of Bosch's calm attitude toward the small Communist Party and his libertarian ideas. The officers and the wealthy, regrettably urged on by some shortsighted and over-zealous priests, joined hands and overthrew the government.

The U.S. had known for three months that plots were afoot. There were some provisional discussions in the State Department of seeking a show of force by the U.S. Navy in Dominican waters, the maneuver that had terminated the short-lived military coup twenty months earlier. But no decisions were taken and in the end nothing was done. Secretary of State Dean Rusk issued a statement deploring military coups, but its effect was largely undone by an unfortunately worded statement by Assistant Secretary Edward Martin which said, in effect, that while all military dictatorships are bad in principle, some are not so bad in practice. The U.S. has cut off economic assistance and withdrawn our ambassador, but four weeks after the event these measures have not served to restore democracy in Santo Domingo. Nor have the same measures availed in Honduras.

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It would appear that both new men and new measures are needed if the Administration is to find a way out of the dictator-or-Communist dilemma in Latin America. Assistant Secretary Martin, who was conspicuously found wanting in the Dominican and Honduras crises, is an excellent, experienced diplomat but he is ill-cast as our chief day-to-day policymaker on Latin American affairs. His experience has all been in economic negotiations and mostly in Europe. (Before dutifully assuming the Latin American post, he was a first-rate assistant secretary in charge of economic affairs.) He has never held an ambassadorship in Latin America, does not speak Spanish, and has no first-hand acquaintance with the countries for which he is trying to make our policy. President Kennedy and Secretary Rusk chose him apparently in the belief that an economic expert would help the Alliance for Progress function better and partly because Rusk preferred an "old pro" in this controversial job. Martin, who used to give flawless briefings and display an easy mastery of all the ins-and-outs of various economic negotiations, has become much less assured since taking his Latin American post and is frequently irascible when contradicted or faced with an argument.

NEW MEASURES, however, are perhaps even more important than a new man. And these would have to stem from a re-examination of the once liberal but now outmoded and decidedly unproductive policy of non-intervention that we have followed in Latin America since 1930. In making this re-examination, we should begin by clarifying two basic points.

First, we should distinguish the small countries in the Caribbean and Central America from those in the rest of Latin America. In the small countries, our economic and political influence is great and, if used in time, can be decisive in saving democratic governments. At the same time, the danger in these small countries is acute because their middle classes, in absolute numbers, are very small. The militarists can arrest a few score editors, businessmen, and politicians and thereby eliminate all effective opposition to a coup. This used to be true in all of Latin America, but it is less and less the case in the larger countries such as Argentina, Venezuela, and Peru.

In the bigger countries political opinion has become more mature. The middle classes are more numerous and more self-confident than they were a generation ago. This means that the generals cannot impose the old-fashioned kind of repressive, right-wing dictatorship unless they are willing to risk a blood bath, killing thousands of active and potential enemies. Because they draw back from this kind of large-scale, bloody ruthlessness, the generals, even when they seize power, soon hold elections and try to turn power over to some acceptable civilians.

This is what has happened recently in Argentina and Peru. But in Central America and the Caribbean, such self-restraint is not necessary. The old Trujillo-style operation is still feasible. Only our power can stand between the nascent democracies struggling to establish themselves and the predatory ambitions of the would-be military dictators. In recent weeks, our failure to interpose that shield of power has meant the death of democracy both in Honduras and in the Dominican Republic.

A second fundamental point is that "intervention" today is not what was meant by intervention in the period from 1900 to 1930. No one is advocating the resumption of "dollar diplomacy." Our intervention is not to protect the property of United Fruit Co. or Standard Oil. That is not the issue today in these countries just as it is not the issue in our relations with Cuba, despite the efforts of some persons on the political left who insist upon believing that our antagonism to Castro is based upon our interest in economic gain rather than our interest in human freedom.

Any intervention in the present time has to be understood in the context of the Alliance for Progress. We would be intervening militarily not to preserve an old status quo but to give the Alliance a chance to create a new status quo. We would be intervening as the allies of indigenous liberal democrats such as Juan Bosch.

Our interventions in the old days, such as our occupation of the Dominican Republic from 1916 to 1924, were meaningless police actions because they were not tied to any comprehensive program of economic assistance and social reform. Now we have such a program in the Alliance for Progress. Unless the Alliance's twin goals of peaceful social change and liberal politics are achieved, we shall lose the fight for Latin American reform to the Castro-Communists.

Ideally, the U.S. should not have to intervene unilaterally in the Caribbean. The several democratic nations in Latin America who are most alert to this problem should set up a hemispheric police force which could come to the aid of constitutional governments threatened by subversion. The Kennedy Administration has been seriously remiss in neglecting the Organization of the American States and failing to give leadership on this problem. It is imperative that we develop military, political, and juridical programs to protect the Alliance. We need an international legal base of some kind to justify us in coming to the aid of liberal, constitutional governments endangered by either Castroite or military subversion. We cannot hope to win our liberal revolution on behalf of social justice if we cling to the old fictions that the U.S. is just one of the many republics in the hemisphere and that intervention is never justified. WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(*William V. Shannon is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington.*)

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Do They Have Any Future?

The Jews in Germany

ADOLPH SCHALK

THE FEDERAL Republic of Germany has already outlived the twelve years and three months of Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich. Now fourteen years in existence, the "provisional" Bonn government shows every indication of becoming a viable democracy. In one respect, however, Germany still has to prove herself able to cope with the legacy of her recent ignominious past.

With the Eichmann trial out of the way, the question that now remains for her to answer is: What kind of future do the Jews have in Germany? But the problem goes much deeper than that. The crucial question might better be worded: What kind of future is possible for German democracy unless there is a thriving, completely integrated Jewish community in Germany? This is Germany's *Gretchen-Frage*.

A quick tour of the Federal Republic might at first give the impression that there is indeed a living Jewish community in evidence. Witness the synagogues, some of them gleaming in white marble, in striking contemporary design, that have been built or restored in Hamburg, Frankfort, Bremen, Hagen, Bonn, Dusseldorf, Duisburg, Dortmund, Cologne, Paderborn, Worms, Munster, Mulheim, Saarbrucken, and West Berlin—all financed by the Federal Republic or the individual *Laender*. (One architect pessimistically designed his synagogue in such a way that it can easily be converted into a movie theater.)

Up till now some 2.3 million applications for Federal restitution have been processed, and some eighty-one percent of Jewish claims have been met. More than 14 billion DMs (about $3.5 billion) have been paid to Jewish victims or their heirs. An additional 3 billion DMs have been paid to the State of Israel and 450 million DMs to the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany.

Dr. Hendrik George van Dam, Secretary General of the Central Council of the Jews in Germany, has repeatedly pointed out to American Jews that the Soviet Zone and Austria (whose share of the Third Reich crimes is far from negligible) have done nothing comparable. Jewish leaders appear to concur in the opinion that they are satisfied, in general, with West German restitution efforts. "Of course," one of them said to me, "it is only a symbolic gesture, but it proves that German leadership is prepared to make good to the extent that this is materially possible."

In spite of all this, the Jewish community in Germany is a dying, not living, community. The average age is over forty-five. Every second Jew in the Federal Republic is over fifty. In the first quarter of 1963, there were nine births and 142 deaths.

"Of the about 1400 Jews in the Hamburg congregation," Rabbi Hans Isaak Gruenewald told me, "some 800 to 900 make every effort not to be recognized as Jews. There is no pulsating Jewish life. A religion class should begin for children at the age of six, but as there are no six-year-olds in my congregation, I couldn't start the class." And today there are seventy-three Jewish congregations in West Germany (eight in East Germany)—compared with 1600 in 1933—and 22,484 registered Jews (1600 in East Germany)—compared with 500,000 in 1933. An additional 20,000 Jews, who prefer not to be indentified, are also believed to be living in the Federal Republic.

Moreover, in only a third of the marriages contracted by Jews in the Federal Republic are both partners Jewish. The lack of eligible women inevitably results in partner-seeking abroad or, as is more often the case, marrying Christian wives. Experience shows that in the latter case the Jewish member usually drifts away from his faith.

Again, the majority of young Jews do not wish to remain in Germany. A young economics student told me, "My parents are here only for my sake. As soon as I get my degree, we are going back." As for the adult Jews, their presence in Germany is uncertain in nearly every respect. By their co-religionists around the world they are more often than not regarded with contempt. "A German Jew," says Dr. van Dam, "is sometimes more strongly condemned than a German Nazi by his fellows. He is accused of being short-sighted for wishing to live here."

A typical example of the conflict that is involved here is that of Rabbi Dr. Fritz Bloch of Wuerttemberg. Born in Munich, educated in Germany, he decided to return,

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while his wife, who is also German-born, stubbornly remains behind in Israel with their four children. The rabbi meets with his family once a year—outside of Germany.

WHILE THE Jews are physically integrated into German life, there remains the constant awareness of an invisible ghetto. The symbiosis that once characterized the Jewish community in Germany can today more aptly be described by the word schizophrenia. Indeed, according to *Der Spiegel* (July 31, 1963), there are per capita more abnormal Jewish children of school age than German. Dr. Gerd Biermann, the Munich pediatrician, has among his patients a conspicuous number of Jewish children suffering from neuroses.

"My little girl came up to me the other day," one Jewish woman said to me, "and she said, 'Mommy, why do you have that number on your arm?' A pang went through and through me. How could I tell her that it was my concentration camp identification number? And how can I teach her not to hate her German playmates? So I said, 'Never mind, that was an important telephone number I didn't want to forget.' But I know that I can't fool her for much longer and some day I will have to tell her."

"Every time I shake hands with a German, or find myself in a crowded streetcar," a Jew in Munich told a reporter, "I begin to tremble. Who knows but that the man I am touching might be a murderer!"

Few Jews want to admit that they have settled down for good in Germany. It has become customary for them to say they are only there on "a visit" or "temporarily." One Jewish couple has refrained from buying any new furniture or bulky valuables, "so that we can move out in a hurry when the time comes."

Heinz Galinski, chairman of the influential Berlin Jewish community, favors the participation of Jews in German public life exclusively as spokesmen of Jewish interests. According to Norbert Muhlen, in his penetrating study of the Jews in Germany today, *The Survivors*, Galinski objects to Jewish "assimilation," wants Jewish children to keep out of public schools, and pleads for a Jewish "separate but equal" status.

At the same time there is no one quite so German as a German Jew. This fact came home to me a couple of years ago when I had the privilege of escorting Harry Golden, noted editor of *The Carolina Israelite*, to the synagogue in Hamburg. We were accompanied by one of the leaders of the Jewish community. But just as we were about to enter the synagogue, Mr. Golden excused himself, bounded across the street and accosted two passing teenagers. "Have you ever met a Jew?", Golden asked the dumbfounded boys. When they replied in the negative, Golden grasped both of their right hands in turn and said, "Well, meet one now." Our guide was horrified at first, but managed a weak smile and said to me, "You Americans don't have many inhibitions, do you?"

Right then and there, while looking at those two Jews—relaxed, informal, cigar-chewing Harry Golden, and the very formal and proper Jewish administrator—I realized the poignant irony that runs all through the German-Jewish problem. From the tip of his Homburg to his polished conservative shoes, this administrator was *German*, as was everything about him. Indeed, a standard quip making the rounds in the Jewish community in Germany refers to one of their leaders, because of his pronounced old-style German mannerisms, as "the last Prussian."

I asked one Jew, a middle-aged lawyer, why he returned to Germany to live. "I tried living in Israel," he said, "but after five years neither my wife nor I could take it anymore. Israel is a wonderful place, but life there is very hard, the climate is hot, and, to tell you the truth, we were homesick. Besides, as a lawyer trained in German law, where else can I make a good living? Much as I hate to admit it, we belong here."

THE JEWISH community has also been strongly influenced by that bane of the Christian churches—secularism. Only a very few Jews regard the Sabbath as so holy that they will let it interfere with a weekend in the country, and the divorce rate is rising. Of the 100 Jewish children in Hamburg only twenty appear regularly for religious instruction, and about a trickle of forty attend synagogue services regularly.

Aggravating an already difficult situation is the presence within the Jewish community of a disproportionately large number of Eastern Jews, mostly former DPs, who form the majority in some communities—in Munich they comprise eighty percent. Speaking in broken German, sometimes clannish, they tend toward withdrawal from German life, rather than assimilation. Moreover, there is a decided friction between this group and their German co-religionists.

On the German side, the greater danger at present, it seems to me, is not anti-Semitism, but philo-Semitism. As far as anti-Semitism is concerned it is virtually nonexistent publicly, though there are indications of widespread latent anti-Semitism. The change in German

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leadership is a change of 180 degrees. The German press, radio, TV, which gave the Eichmann trial comprehensive coverage, regularly inundate the German public with soul-searching studies of the Third Reich. "Whenever I hear the word Jew," a typical teenage comment goes, "I could scream. If they don't stop telling me to love the Jews, I'll end up hating them. We young people don't want to be burdened with the sins of our parents."

While the anti-Semitic smearings of synagogues in 1959 received sensational treatment, little was said at the time of the deluge of sympathetic and apologetic letters that poured into the Jewish centers of Germany and are continuing to flow even today. Rabbis are flooded with requests for lectures and their synagogues are visited week after week by repentant Catholic and Protestant groups. There is a constant stream of visitors and delegates from Israel to Germany, and vice versa. The "Society for Christian-Jewish Cooperation," with autonomous local chapters all over Germany, has sponsored numerous seminars, meetings with Jews and pilgrimages to concentration camp sites. The Benedictine abbey of Niederaltaich is one of the many Catholic centers sponsoring tri-confessional meetings. And the Evangelical Ecumenical Sisterhood of Mary at Darmstadt is a new congregation of sisters whose main purpose is atonement for the sins against the Jews.

On Good Friday last year I decided, on a sudden impulse, to go to the concentration camp site of Bergen-Belsen, where Anne Frank is buried, in order to meditate on the Passion. Today this is a kind of memorial park, with a Jewish monument and a Christian cross and a number of mounds with simple markers: "Here lie 1,000 dead." "Here lie 600 dead." I expected to be alone. Instead, to my amazement, the park was crowded with praying Germans, some of them fingering rosaries, silently walking from mass grave to mass grave—as though they were doing the stations of the cross. In front of one I overheard a father whispering to his twelve-year-old daughter what it was all about, and tears were streaming down his face. The parking lot was filled with cars and the license plates were from all over Germany.

MEANWHILE very few Jews, inside or outside of Germany, are impressed by this display of repentance. A "wait and see" attitude is about as close to a favorable reaction as one can expect of them. No less a person than the recently retired Israeli Prime Minister, David Ben Gurion, however, showed a warm friendliness to the Adenauer administration and repeatedly said that "the Germany of today is not the Germany of yesterday." Nevertheless, a tremendous cleft remains.

Although the Federal Republic itself has prosecuted a large number of Nazi criminals—in Bavaria alone 1,986 persons were sentenced to severe prison terms, many of them with the maximum penalty of life imprisonment, between 1945 and 1961—many Jewish critics charge that a great many more former Nazis are unaccounted for. They often show great bitterness over alleged former Nazis holding many high German offices.

The biggest bone of contention is the controversial figure of Hans Globke, Chancellor Adenauer's special assistant, who is only now retiring from office. A Catholic, Globke was indeed a high-ranking official in the Nazi ministerial bureaucracy, and is credited with drafting important sections of Hitler's anti-Semitic legislation. His defenders, including Adenauer, maintain that by remaining in office he was able to act as a kind of spy, that he helped Jews escape and used his influence to soften the application of the race laws. Although many witnesses, including Jewish, have since exonerated him, his critics are appalled by what they regard as a monstrous toleration of men compromised by their service to Hitler.

The chances for a bona-fide Jewish revival in Germany, then, appear to be slim. But not all observers are pessimistic. At least one Jewish leader in Germany, Karl Marx, editor of the influential *Allgemeine Wochenzeitung der Juden in Deutschland*, the Jewish weekly which comes about as close to being a Jewish voice as one can find in Germany, believes that it is extremely important for a Jewish community to exist in Germany. He does not think it beyond the bounds of possibility that a change in the world political situation in the next several years may send Jews streaming into Germany. If, however, the challenge that now faces Germany cannot be met, there can be no genuine catharsis, Hitler will triumph posthumously in his goal to eliminate Germany of the Jews, and German democracy will continue to be regarded by the world community with profound skepticism.

Come Feed the World

Is the world then, more
than an animal haunch, cleft
under the butcher's axe
a world hung raw, flayed on a hook?

Is the world more? is it
five or six deer together, standing in dusk
abstract, momentary; then startled, dissolved in
newer and newer rhythms, mauve hooves, red nostrils
eyes unwary as first stars?

Are we, the watchers
bathed in that sight, a baptism? the world
for all its stern exactions, loved us once;
homeward in dark, pondering *what is the world?*

DANIEL BERRIGAN

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Pope and Bishops

GREGORY BAUM

AS THIS is being written, at the tail-end of October, the discussions in the conciliar hall are proving to be much less dramatic than last year. The present schema on the Church expresses an intermediary position, so no bishop is totally against it. The interventions on the floor go beyond it, or try to bring to a halt a movement which is on the point of becoming universal. In this fashion the first three chapters—on the mystery of the Church, the hierarchical ministry, and the laity—have been discussed with great frankness and, it seems to me, with growing unanimity. There is a small and vocal opposition to the theological evolution that is taking place, but the arguments produced by this group in the conciliar hall lack breadth and vision, and hence are devoid of real force.

The conflict is much graver in the Theological Commission, the commission responsible for the present schema as well as the rewriting of it according to the wishes of the Council Fathers. It is still chaired by Cardinal Ottaviani. The Theological Commission is not, as it should be, a mirror of the discussions at the Council. Many of the issues which have been settled in the hall have to be argued out again. During these weeks the Commission should study and catalogue the large number of interventions and be working overtime on a new draft more in keeping with the wishes of the Fathers. The Liturgical Commission has given an excellent example of how a vast amount of work can be handled quickly and competently. The Theological Commission, however, has not been doing much work, and one may well wonder why its chairman does not convoke it more often and demand that the amendments of the Fathers be classified and studied. If this delay continues, there will not be a single chapter of *De Ecclesia* ready to be submitted to the Council before the end of this session. It is not impossible that this delaying technique will eventually provoke a crisis in the Theological Commission which will have to be calmed by an intervention of the Pope.

It is certain, or almost so, that a new chapter will be inserted into the schema on the Church. After chapter I on the mystery of the Church, a new chapter on the Church as God's people will precede the chapter on the hierarchical ministry. There are many reasons for this. Before a study of hierarchy and laity, one should announce and explain that the Church is a single family, a brotherhood, that prior to any division into groups it is one in faith and baptism, and that any separation created after baptism by the sacrament of orders can never destroy the basic unity and solidarity within the Church.

THIS WAS one of the principal points of Bishop de Smedt's famous intervention at the Council's first session and the subject of his pastoral letter which has been studied and appreciated in many countries (*The Priesthood of the Faithful*, Paulist Press, New York, 1962, 95 cents). The People of God as a whole have been called and consecrated, through the baptism of faith, to participate in the one priesthood of the New Testament, the priesthood of Jesus Christ. The priestly activity of the people, their teaching and their action to transform the world, are a share in the three-fold office of Christ as priest, teacher and Lord; or more profoundly, removing the last remnants of a Pelagian misunderstanding, the mystery of the Church is the presence of Christ worshipping through His baptized people, of Christ teaching through His believing people, and of Christ exercising His lordship over creation through the labors in charity of His people in the world.

In this perspective, the role of the hierarchy in the Church is a ministry unto the people. Bishops have a ministerial priesthood in order to make the worship offered by the whole people more perfect, more universal, more united to Christ in the Eucharist. Bishops are teachers with a charism of truth to make more secure the teaching of the whole people; and bishops have special power to rule in order to coordinate the action of the whole people so that their total sanctification may be more effectual. We have here the principles for a theology of the hierarchy and a theology of the laity.

Discussing the present chapter III on the laity, Bishop de Smedt has again made an intervention recalling that the whole activity of the laity must be understood as a share in the work of Christ, or even as the action of Christ who is present within us continuing His messianic role in His people. It is to be hoped that such a theology will eventually determine the tone of the re-

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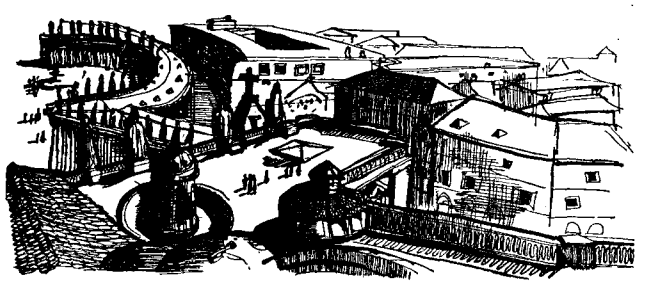
vised chapter on the laity. Unless the work and freedom of the laity are Christologically founded, they will always look like concessions made to the laymen through the generosity of their bishops. We must learn that Christ works through lay people as much and as truly, though differently, as through His ordained priests.

THERE IS another obvious advantage in the insertion of a chapter on God's people at the beginning of the schema. If we only speak of the Church as the Mystical Body or the Bride of Christ, we may be tempted to close our eyes to the historical reality that we are still on pilgrimage in this world. It is indeed a great mystery that God in His mercy makes use of a community of fragile and imperfect men to make them an instrument of salvation in this world, and it is this aspect of divine condescension which the chapter on God's people should bring out. We are sinners. We are blind, stubborn; we make many mistakes, and despite the gifts of faith, hope and charity, despite the gift of infallibility granted the episcopal college and the sacramental efficacy of Word and liturgy, we remain in many ways an ignorant, faltering, and constantly tempted people.

We are indeed a holy people, because Christ works within us, forgives us our sins, sanctifies us sacramentally through His body and blood, and teaches us the Gospel with certainty through bishops led by His Spirit; at the same time we remain a pilgrim people, exposed to the desert of our infidelity, longing for the end of our journey, the blessed return of the Risen One.

This we must admit if we wish to avoid all "triumphalism." If we only announce to the world that we are the mystical body of the Lord, His holy and spotless Bride, the honest unbeliever will reply, "You are completely mistaken about yourself. We know you much better. You are involved in the tribulations of this life as much as other men." In order to make the sanctity which the Church has irrevocably received in Christ a credible message, we must acknowledge first our pilgrim state.

There is another, a more profound reason why a chapter on the people of God is so significant. It places the Church into the context of salvation history. God's mercy to men did not begin with Jesus and is not confined to Christians. From the beginning, God's ineffable mercy has been operative in humanity. From Scripture we know that history was guided and that its climax was the coming of Christ. God's economy of salvation did not begin with Christ, it was a continuation of the mercy announced to Israel.



The Church may be called the *new* People of God, if we consider her regeneration in the Spirit, but she may also be called the *true* People of God since she is the continuation of God's first chosen people of Israel. Only if we recall that we are still the Israel on pilgrimage, will we understand the meaning of Church history. Despite the radical holiness which Christ produces daily in the Church, the treatment which God accorded to Israel in the Old Testament, His mercy in forgiving and His mercy in chastizing and purifying still contains a message for the Church of today. God still reprimands us through our defeats; He still scourges and purifies us through our failures; and unless we acknowledge that the old Israel is alive within us, we are tempted to regard ourselves as perfect, beyond the judgment of God, and not subject, as a Church, to His punishment.

These remarks indicate the dimensions of a chapter on the People of God. Yet since it has not yet been written, it is difficult to say how much of this kind of biblical thinking it will contain. Such a chapter might also be the place to indicate that the Church as the new Israel is so deeply grafted on the old Israel, as on an "olive tree" (see Rom. 11:19), that even those descendants of the old Israel who do not acknowledge the kingdom brought by Christ continue to be linked to the Church through friendship and a common destiny, i.e., they continue to be our brothers.

THE PRESENT chapter II, on the hierarchical structure of the Church, has, until now, stirred up the greatest controversy at the Council. The principal issue at stake is the collegiality of the bishops. Even if this word was almost completely new to most Catholics, even to the bishops themselves, it has now become a common notion. We realize again that a bishop is not simply the head of a diocese, but as a member of the episcopal body or college he is first of all co-responsible for the life of the whole Church. Collegiality, in the wide sense, means the responsibility of each member for the total life of the corporation to which he belongs.

The dogmatic foundation for this collegiality in the Church is the Catholic understanding of the Scriptures. Since Christ chose the Twelve to be the foundation of the Church and among them Peter to be their head and therefore supreme in the community, we believe that the bishops as a group or college are the successors of the Twelve, i.e., heirs of those prerogatives of the Apostles which were communicable to others. Within the episcopal college it is the successor of Peter, the pope, who exercises the role of the head of the college and of the supreme bishop in the Church.

It is true to say, therefore, that the episcopal college holds supreme authority in teaching and ruling in the

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Church. This is not said in detriment to the doctrine of the First Vatican Council which declared the pope's supreme power to teach and to rule. What the Second Vatican Council tries to clarify is that the pope is not the only supreme authority in the Church, that the episcopal college to which he belongs as head, and this inseparably so, is also a seat of supreme authority. Papacy and episcopacy are the two pillars on which the Church is being built by Christ.

MANY people find this doctrine confusing. They ask who, in the last analysis, has more authority, the pope or the episcopal college? But the question reveals a basic misunderstanding. Just as Peter was one of the Twelve, so the bishop of Rome belongs inseparably to the episcopal college. Pope and college are not two distinct entities which face one another. The pope belongs to the college as presiding bishop. Without him, there is no college, and without the college of bishops, there is no pope. In other words, the relation of pope and bishops is an organic one, determined by faith and charity, by the common concern for the Church, and there is no legal or juridical formula which can express the precise relationship between the pope and the college to which he belongs.

We will have to relearn to use our Catholic vocabulary with more care. When we speak of bishops, we usually do not include the pope; now it becomes imperative that we learn to include the bishop of Rome when we speak of the world episcopate. When we say Council, we do not refer to the group of bishops gathered around the pope facing him as one who is outside and above the Council, but we include the pope. So deeply is the pope linked to the episcopal college, that many theologians say that there is really only *one* subject of supreme authority in the Church, namely the episcopal college, and that this authority of the college may be exercised by the bishops acting in union with the pope, or also by the pope alone, without the consent of the bishops. But even when the pope acts or speaks alone, as supreme bishop he does so as a member and head of the episcopal college and, as it were, in the name of all the bishops.

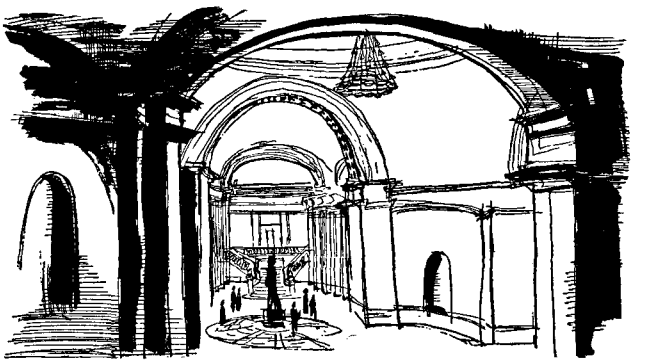
Looking at the episcopal college in this way makes it obvious that in the exercise of the supreme ministerial power in the Church, both in teaching and ruling, there is a dialogue-structure. The acknowledgement of this fact, which is difficult for some circles, will have profound effects on the whole of Catholic life. No wonder that there is some opposition to collegiality. The present schema teaches this collegiality in a weak and somewhat ambiguous way, and many bishops have insisted most emphatically that it be declared with greater clarity.

One manifestation of this collegiality would be episcopal conferences with the authority to teach and legislate. Each bishop, by the sacramental character of his office, is immediately responsible for the common good in the Church, quite apart from the jurisdiction given him over his own diocese, and hence the bishops of a certain area or territory are able to exercise their power in common, with the approval of the bishop of Rome. This joint action with authority flows naturally from episcopal collegiality. Such power would not be a concession of the Apostolic See to episcopal conferences, but rather the acknowledgement by this Holy See of powers which proceed from the very nature of the bishops as a group.

One has the definite impression, however, that some bishops are afraid of this application of collegiality. They fear that an authoritative episcopal conference would stand between them and Rome, and would dissolve the last shreds of their local independence. They fear that a majority of bishops in their country would be able to bind them, against their own convictions.

It seems to me, however, that the notion of collegiality is so new to the Church of our day that we must reflect a little longer on the implications. I do not think that a bishop will lose his proper independence through an episcopal conference with legislative power. On the contrary, some of the legislation which he now receives from Rome, produced in offices where there is little knowledge of local conditions, will eventually be made by a body of bishops in which he has a voice. In other words, the binding power of the episcopal conference will not introduce additional burdens, but rather replace some of the legislation which now comes from Rome. Secondly, the competence of the episcopal conferences will be clearly circumscribed and limited to those questions where common action is of great advantage for the whole area. It does not imply that all movements and private initiative of bishops in their dioceses will have to pass through the episcopal conference.

IT SEEMS to me that decentralization would be useless and even dangerous to the Church, if it did not imply jurisdictional authority held by episcopal conferences. If a greater area of self-determination were given to bishops individually, we would not only have an em-



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barrassing divergence of policy from diocese to diocese, but the whole progress of the renewal movement in the Church would be retarded. The bishops would become much more powerful in their dioceses without, at the same time being engaged in a dialogue with other bishops. They could shrug their shoulders at the decisions of an episcopal conference; and thus the decentralization and the partnership which is being introduced at the highest level at the papal see of Rome might lead (heaven forbid!) to a greater centralization and lack of partnership in the government of the diocese.

If within a clearly determined area the episcopal conference was able to decide with authority, in questions such as the language and the pattern of the liturgy, the meeting of this conference would create a conciliar spirit, provoke responsible discussion and the consequent education of the bishops now out of touch with the renewal, draw in specialists from all over the country, and produce an enthusiasm for the new movements which would readily penetrate to the people. The progress of the renewal must not be made to depend on single bishops. The bishops of the world will not permit any one to say that they fought for collegiality and hence decentralization at the Council in order to get more independent power for themselves, rather than to achieve greater collegiality even on the local level and share responsibility with their brothers in the episcopate.

ANOTHER word for collegiality is teamwork. We must admit that clerical education in the Church has, until now, not laid much stress on this notion. There is little teamwork among dioceses. How much work, talent and money could be saved, and how greater could our impact be if we were able to collaborate more spontaneously! Each diocese is an independent unit, financially and otherwise, and each parish is an independent unit, too, financially and otherwise; cooperation and common action are rather the exception. Even the work in a single parish cannot usually be described as teamwork. Each assistant priest is assigned his work by the pastor, and each one goes ahead to perform his task as a lonely man. He does not even look at what his brother in the priesthood does, even in the same parish, lest he say a critical word and get into trouble.

The notion of teamwork, which is becoming daily more important in the world, even in scientific experiments, would be of greatest value to the Church. Christian enthusiasm, confidence in others, sharing of responsibility, and mutual discussion and formation, would make our ecclesiastical institutions much more effective. Superiors are not bosses, but leaders of a team. Collegiality may be an abstract word, obscure and uninteresting, but the reality which it describes and points to, is practical and easy to understand.

Very much depends now on the Theological Commission: How will it formulate this principle of collegiality? At the end of the discussion on the second chapter, the Moderators announced that four questions were to be submitted to the Council the following day, questions on which the Fathers would be asked to vote. One of these questions dealt with collegiality. Yet, strangely enough, the questions have not yet been announced. It is an open secret in Rome that the reactionaries of the Curia, who have by no means abandoned the battle, have tried to stop the matter. But since the four Moderators, who include Cardinal Suenens, have direct access to the president of the Council, Pope Paul, there is no reason to worry. From his public utterances it has become clear that Pope Paul is far ahead of the conciliar documents.

Beyond the Test-Ban Treaty

A Non-Aggresssion Pact?

WILSON C. McWILLIAMS

THE CONCLUSION of a partial ban on nuclear testing is merely one of a series of events which herald the end of the bipolar international system that has characterized the world since 1945. The rejection of that treaty by President de Gaulle and the present posture of Peiping are enough to suggest that the new "polycentric" pattern is not entirely a happy one. It certainly increases the likelihood of the diffusion of atomic weapons and of brushfire wars.

Smaller states, with a more parochial attitude toward the world, may show far less concern for the effects of their actions on international harmony as a whole. De Gaulle vetoes British admission to the Common

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Market; Rumania, apparently, vetoed a Soviet proposal for integration in the East. The pattern is much the same, East or West. But if there are perils in the situation there are also opportunities. The end of the rigidity of bipolar politics makes possible the consideration of constructive proposals, just as the new dangers make them more necessary.

It is this background which makes it seem likely that Soviet proposals for a non-aggression pact will be considered seriously. Nothing could be more symptomatic of a new state of mind; until recently, such a proposal would have been rejected out of hand. But, predictably, habits of thought do not change as fast as events. More particularly, public discussion lags behind the perception of new situations at high levels. One may be sympathetic: in face of the insecurity engendered by the meta-human process of technological change it is not surprising that men should seek to keep their ideas from changing. But if one may sympathize, it cannot be denied that the failure to recognize the changing nature of international political reality does not augur well for the future.

The suggestion that a non-aggression pact is possible has aroused considerable denunciation in the mass media and from the right. The battery of arguments thus far adduced against a non-aggression agreement are not only hopelessly outdated. They are based around primitive fallacies which reveal rather clearly the pathological symptoms of the cold war syndrome and the incredible naïveté of popular American thought about international politics.

THE fallacy of cynicism. What I call the cynical fallacy arises from an overreaction to the bad results of romanticism. Having been bitten in the '20s and '30s by the belief that treaties would eliminate war, the twice-bitten are twice wise. It becomes all too easy to argue that, since the Kellogg-Briand treaties did not end war, "treaties are useless," or that they "mean nothing." Yet while it is true enough that in the most simple sense a treaty is no more than a "scrap of paper," in a political sense it is something more.

A treaty is a statement of intention. One need not believe the individual who makes it, wholly or in part, any more than one believes every statement made to him by another. But, like any other statement, it may help to clear the air, and, moreover, states are a bit more reluctant to violate publicly made pledges than no pledges at all. It is not necessary to believe that marriage vows are the secret of domestic bliss to realize that they have some effect.

Whether, or how far, one believes the statement of intentions which a treaty contains, can be judged only in context—the test being whom one is speaking to, in what circumstances. The importance of context should be revealed by the idea of a "non-aggression" pact relieving international tensions. In another situation the promise that "I will not hit you *first*" might be a rather provocative challenge.

If we stopped at this point, we should be doing the opponents of a non-aggression agreement an injustice. For they would hasten to contend that different signatories of a treaty may mean different things, and that while we genuinely intend to carry out our commitments, the Russians do not. One may quarrel with the factual basis of this statement, but even if it is accepted the fact remains that all the United States, however sincerely, would be promising to do is not to attack the U.S.S.R. And, since most American thinking on defense has been premised on the idea that we would not attack the Soviet Union but would defend ourselves against her "aggressive imperialism," it is hard to see what would be changed by the signing of a non-aggression treaty. It is at this point that the second agrument and the second fallacy of opponents of such a treaty becomes relevant.

The fallacy of historical analogies and fallacious history: The danger of the non-aggression pact, it is argued, is that it will lull the West into a false sense of security, cause armaments and defense to lapse and weaken the will to resist totalitarian imperialism. This, it is argued, was the result of the Kellogg-Briand pacts, of the non-aggression treaties signed with Hitler, of the whole tone and policy of the 1930s. Yet while it is quite proper to regret that the West did not resist Hitler earlier, the argument is both inaccurate historically and quite beside the point in any case.

The West in the 1930s was not prevented from resisting by non-aggression treaties: it was prevented because it lacked the willingness to resist whatever the circumstances. Non-aggression pacts did not "cause" appeasement any more than the British and French treaties with Czechoslovakia caused them to resist at Munich. Appeasement was dictated by currents of political opinion which overrode any treaty or obligation, and the Nazis discounted the British guarantee to Poland in 1939 precisely because they believed (wrongly) that such a state of mind still existed.

Basically, this argument is akin to those demands for elaborate inspection systems in arms control agreements

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which are based on the contention that lack of inspection caused the failure of disarmament pacts in the '20s and '30s. The fact is that very few people were unaware of Japanese and German rearmament; they simply were unwilling to prevent it even when aware. However well-founded, the need for inspection devices must be based on other grounds.

But even if the historical basis of the argument were sound, it would be irrevelant. Historical wisdom is often a sign of the statesman, but "arguments from history" are often the sign of the dilettante. Even if the non-aggression pacts of the '30s had produced the baleful effects on the public mind that are alleged, there is a vast difference between the '30s and the '50s. The context of a period dominated by isolationism, peace movements, the concern for internal affairs produced by the Depression and so on, is vastly different from a period dominated by the most massive arms race in history, the anti-Communist crusade, and a war economy. Indeed, in the day of nuclear weapons there is something to be said on grounds of prudence for sapping the "will to resist," at least, that is, until it falls below the level of bellicosity.

THERE IS, however, still another argument levied against non-aggression treaties. They are, it is argued, "a propaganda device" by which the Soviets seek to make converts or sympathizers to Communism by portraying themselves as a peaceful nation. Of course, without other reasons for rejecting a treaty, there is no reason why we should aid and abet these plans by refusing to sign a treaty and thus appearing as a warlike nation, but the argument does have a point. Doubtless the Soviets have a propaganda aim in mind. But the fallacy involved in the argument is the failure to consider the object of propaganda.

Soviet propaganda doubtless wishes to make converts to Communism, but it need not have such a result as a primary aim. Most propaganda, like most political campaigning, is not directed at the opposition. In hostile or even neutral areas, one lacks control of the lines of communication, and propaganda may well backfire. Moreover, converts from a position are hard to make; the percentage of return is low.

Most political communication is aimed at one's supporters, to increase their fervor and commitment. In international affairs this is especially the case. The condition of being able to pursue a foreign policy is being in power domestically; international policies are always secondary to domestic, in this sense at least. If Soviet propaganda is aimed at Soviet citizens or Soviet allies, the conclusions for American foreign policy may be radically different.

The proposal for a non-aggression pact may not be meant to convince the world that the Soviet Union is peaceful while the United States is warlike. It may not even be made to convince the Soviet public that its government is peaceful. It may, on the other hand, be a quite serious effort to obtain an agreement as a concrete proof that coexistence with the United States is possible. Above all else, Soviet propaganda has shown an awareness that in this world-weary age words do not convince a people; acts and deeds alone are the test of a nation's intent. And the Russians are aware, as many critics are not, that a treaty is an act. Not as definitive, to be sure, as building the Berlin Wall, but not "mere words" alone.

Recent months have not suggested that the dominant propaganda concern of the Soviet Union is winning the devotion of Americans or Africans. The U.S.S.R. has obviously been preoccupied with the growing split within the Eastern bloc itself. And even if most Communist leaders agree that Premier Khrushchev's policy is ideally desirable, he and his supporters must provide some demonstration that it produces results, and results other than words. We often forget that the presupposition of Leninist ideology and of Soviet "arguments from history" is that coexistence will not work, and that the burden of proof is on Khrushchev and not his "irrational" opponents in Peiping. And if a non-aggression pact might be a contribution, however small, to Khrushchev's "proving" his case, it may well be a major *desideratum* of American foreign policy.

Moreover, a non-aggression treaty might have desirable effects within the Western alliance. The Western effort to pursue a policy working toward international harmony without choosing either of the poles of unilateralism or liberation has not been an easy one. The test-ban treaty was the first break in a long history of failures. And that history of failures has reinforced tendencies producing indifference toward politics and disillusionment with foreign policy. The test-ban treaty is hardly enough to check the rising criticism of foreign aid, of the temptation to national withdrawal from international involvement or for some simple solution to the complicated events of the modern age. In other words, the West, no less than Premier Khrushchev, needs demonstrations that negotiations can have results other than failure.

The case for a non-aggression treaty is not based on any belief that such a treaty would profoundly effect the international system. It is, by contrast, based on the realization that it would not: that its effects, while real, would be minimal and hence almost without risk for either side. The legacy of suspicion and distrust is too great to be bridged except by the slowest means. But if it can be bridged it will be by a succession of small agreements, a tradition and pattern of cooperation. A non-aggression treaty might be an addition to the limited beginnings of the test-ban agreement, a contribution to a structure built laboriously of hesitant steps toward harmony that is the only hope that humanity can control the forces which threaten to destroy man.

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THE STAGE

Versions of Dishonesty

ART, Picasso has remarked, is the lie that leads to truth. All theater "lies," the way all art does, pretending to be real in order to trap a hitherto unheard-of truth in the space between the pretense and reality itself. But in the commercial theater, where art is most often considered to be the province of stage designers and lighting experts (as in popular culture the interior decorator and the flower arranger are thought of as our most "artistic" types) the lies of the stage, its illusions and necessary deceptions, are practised for their own sakes; sterile reproductions of lies from outside the theater, from conventional fantasy or inherited sentiment, they result in nothing unheard of except an increment of ugliness. The difference is that between being unreal in order to be more than real and being unreal so as to be simply dishonest.

The forms of dishonesty that have exhibited themselves in this new season already constitute a map of deceit, a gazetteer of uninhabitable and impossible lands. And because mendacity in an institution inevitably infects everyone committed to its preservation, the biggest lie of all is that this is proving to be a superior season; on the contrary, it is precisely the "hits" which demonstrate how rapidly we are approaching a point where the true and the false will have become absolutely indistinguishable in our theaters.

I except "Chips With Everything," the one new play on or off Broadway that deserves some of its honors, but I emphatically include "Luther," a drama which grows steadily more unpleasant and unconvincing in the memory, and Jean Anouilh's "The Rehearsal," which is an example of the obvious given a high sheen and the daunted masquerading as daring.

Anouilh has a reputation I have never been able to endorse, although I can understand how his command of theatrical procedures, his gloss and perfect though stringently limited taste, commend him to professionals and to that "upper-level" theater-goer for whom elegance is revelation and genteel cynicism is apocalypse. "The Rehearsal," which was first performed in Paris in 1951, is central Anouilh, a play of considerable surface charm and faultless technique, whose vision is of the dark fate of love and innocence in a harsh, unprincipled world. "Bittersweet," has been, I think, the word most often employed to describe its prevailing quality.

Well, bittersweet is a word for dilettantes, for esthetic fence-sitters and moral hedgers, a word that makes experience palatable by jamming its contradictions together and thus robbing them of their terrors. In this play about the attempt of a notorious roué to regenerate himself through the love of a young innocent girl, Anouilh marches as though in the ranks of real fatality but is all the while preparing a denouement of breathtaking sentimentality and flaccid wisdom. A villain, who represents worldly inexorability and the hatred of the corrupted for the pure, sees to it that the effort is thwarted by convincing the girl that her lover has not changed and by seducing her himself, after which, mortally ashamed of himself—so that Anouilh may have it both ways, the "sweet" neutralizing the bitter—he arranges to get himself killed.

This is melodrama, but pretentious melodrama: it is to take the instruments and agencies of moral vision and make them the vision itself. Innocence corrupts *itself,* purity is inextricably involved with stigma, love carries the seeds of its own calamity: these are the truths which Anouilh continually and elaborately misses while he builds his fable of destruction from outside, of Iago without Othello and of ruin without choice. We are supposed to be left with a troubled but gratified sense of how the world really goes, but what we are actually left with is a sense of how to use the theater exquisitely for the purpose of simulating art. *(At the Royale)*

HENRY DENKER does not try to ape art, since he is a candid, unabashed, unwily melodramatist of the most conventional kind. His brand of dishonesty is so straight-forward, so energetic in its own behalf, that nobody would think of taking him seriously except all those people, including the daily reviewers, who are continually taking the unthinkable seriously. A few complaints have been registered to the effect that Denker's new play "A Case of Libel," lacks full dramatic impact, but this, as I believe I have remarked on a similar theatrical occasion, is like censuring Hitler for his gross table manners. "A Case of Libel" not only lacks dramatic impact, it also lacks intelligence, wit, passion, dignity or any other sign of life; it is a tract, and a particularly nasty, self-serving tract, at that.

The play is based upon one section of Louis Nizer's best-selling book about his legal triumphs, "My Life in Court," thinly dramatizing Quentin Reynolds' victorious libel suit against Westbrook Pegler. The reason why the play lacks dramatic force is, in the first place, that the case's outcome is so well known, and, in the second place, that the crudity of the playwright's intention of erecting it into an exemplary document of democratic and liberal sentiment and pious affirmation of the inevitable crowning of the good in public, is so swiftly made evident. But the reason for its moral ugliness is not a matter of technique, though it is ugly in that way, too, being as clumsy and unimaginative an example of staging, performing and directing as has visited us since the thirties.

No, the real nastiness rises from the fact that the stage is being used to transmit certain liberal shibboleths and self-congratulating notions which the Broad-

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way audience is presumed, rightly, to want to see reflected. Pegler, or Boyd Bendix as he is called here, is an absolute right-wing monster, Reynolds, or Dennis Corcoran, a paragon of patriotism and progressive beliefs. And the lawyer, who is called Robert Sloane and is played by Van Heflin in his familiar drawling, mouth-screwing, shambling movie style, is the epitome of that kind of liberal mentality and incarnation of public virtue which wants to be good and successful, too, to make money while slaying dragons, or to serve justice while getting scads of credit for a self-sacrifice which will in turn lead to more money and further honors.

It is not so much that Denker, as Nizer before him, has stacked the cards; it is that the cards they play with are so thoroughly designed from the start to be used in a self-righteous, arbitrary, mendacious and degrading game. *(At the Longacre)* RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Scalene

SOMETIMES even when one doesn't like what a film is saying, one has to admit it is saying it awfully well. Such a movie is the Polish "Knife in the Water," one of the better entries in the recent New York Film Festival and the first released commercially in the United States. It is not a pleasant movie, but because of Roman Polanski's skillful, almost-teasing direction, the picture fascinates even while it repels.

On the surface, its melodramatic story is simple enough. Early on a Sunday morning, a husband and wife, driving to a lake to spend the day on their sailboat, are suddenly stopped by a young student. Amused at the brashness of this young man who often wins a ride by getting in the way of a car, the husband gives the boy a lift, and at the lake persuades him to come along for the sail. As the cruise starts, the husband, a conceited sportswriter, stops bickering with his wife and turns his attention to baiting the boy; and as the sail continues, the husband flaunts his superiority at boating, swimming, and even at the childish game of pick-up-sticks, while the boy, growing resentful at being lorded over and treated as a stupid inferior even though the wife seems to side with him in some of the rows, displays the dangerous knife he is carrying.

At the height of the tension, the husband tries to get rid of the knife, which falls into the water. When the man and boy have the inevitable fight, the boy, who said he could not swim, falls into the lake and is washed away. Unable to save the boy, the husband is finally nagged by the wife into swimming and walking to the police while she sails the boat back. After the husband has gone, the young man, who was hiding behind a buoy, returns for the inevitable showdown with the wife.

More important than the plot are the characterizations and moods. Polanski's cast is fine: Leon Niemczyk as the husband who is petty and cruel in his relentless drive to cover his insecurities with domineering attitudes; Zygmunt Malanowicz as the brazen young man who is convinced that the world owes him a living and so pugnacious about proving himself that he would stoop to despicable deception in allowing the couple to think he had drowned; Jolanta Umecka as the long-suffering wife who succumbs to the young man's love-making and then realizes he is only a younger and more foolish version of her arrogant husband.

The natural setting before which Polanski allows his three characters to display their emotions and weaknesses is exactly right and is beautifully photographed in black-and-white with the lake glistening in the sunshine and dangerously tempestuous in the storm. Not all of the symbols in Roman Polanski's tale are clear. What does he have in mind in that shot taken from the top of the mast of the half-naked boy lying on the deck with arms outstretched as in a crucifixion with a coil of rope behind his head suggesting a halo? Is the scene implying the possibility of sainthood in a young person before he is tainted by the evil around him, especially the corruption of a jaded couple who take their sophisticated civilization with them even when they return to nature?

Polanski takes a rather dim view of humanity. This is his first feature film, but his provocative, zany short, "Two Men and a Wardrobe," shown here last year, was even more bitter and ended with its two heroes happy to crawl back into the sea after their unfortunate brush with civilization. The ambiguous finale to "Knife in the Water" is in keeping with the story that precedes it. The wife dismisses the boy, returns to her husband who still has not gone to the police. She tells him the boy swam back to the boat and made love to her; but the husband doesn't believe her, and we don't know, as the car drives off into the dim light of morning, if he ever will.

IT HARDLY seems possible that we could have another movie about a masterminded robbery. American, Italian, French and English filmmakers have made so many of these that I thought the subject was finished for once and all, and when I realized the French had come across with another, I didn't think I could sit through "Any Number Can Win." Once it got started, however, I couldn't have been dragged from the projection room.

At first "Any Number" seems to follow the usual pattern. Jean Gabin plays the mastermind. He plans to rob the casino at Cannes of a billion francs, no less. He finally gets two assistants, Alain Delon, as a tough but

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rather irresponsible young guy, and Maurice Biraud, as Delon's anxious but somewhat timid brother-in-law. Then director Henri Verneuil and the scriptwriters do a smart thing: the plan itself is outlined visually in great detail so that when the execution takes place you are aware of the necessity for each of the three men being in the right place at the exact right time and doing exactly the job he is supposed to do. The suspense is terrific.

Under Verneuil's direction the cast is excellent throughout, and what's more Jacques Bar's production is so handsome that you can hardly wait for your trip to Cannes, not necessarily to rob the casino, for after all, who has a mastermind like Gabin's? As a movie, "Any Number Can Win" may be a trifle too long, but don't leave one minute before the finale—with its trick that would make O. Henry turn green with francs and envy.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

An Exchange of Views

"Toward the Open College"

Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITORS: Sister Helen James John in her article, "Toward the Open College" [Oct. 4], has formulated in a thankfully most eloquent fashion the principles of a Catholic college education in contemporary America. If her principles are to avoid becoming pious frauds, however, concrete changes in the Catholic college must occur soon. One task ahead is to liberalize the actual experience of education in a Catholic college. The Catholic teacher and student must be freer. (Paradoxically, a non-Catholic student there actually enjoys greater freedom than his Catholic counterpart.)

Any discussion of the reality of the "Open College" inevitably leads to comparisons with secular institutions in the United States and abroad, and progressive-minded Catholic universities of Europe. Would Sister concur that the curricula offered their students by Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Oxford, and Louvain and the student guidance principles underlying them, which underscore the student's freedom of choice in matters of ultimate reality, be judged acceptable criteria upon which she might base the reality of the "Open College"? Or would this college insist that Catholic students be required to study Catholic theology and Thomistic metaphysics?

To question further, would this college hire non-Catholic teachers in those sensitive areas of Church and Bible history, history and philosophy? Would it hire a competent teacher who is convinced atheist, positivist, etc.? What would be the fate of a Catholic student who likewise espouses a belief offensive to orthodoxy? Would he have the right to rethink his Faith? And would the "Open College" take a charitable attitude toward him, if as so often happens, rethinking involves first doubting? Would even a fallen-away Catholic be permitted to teach there? Would, for example, this college invite Will Durant to speak?

Finally, will the American Catholic Church really renounce the use of bureaucratic coercion and paternalistic ways and substitute persuasion as the only instrument of college education? Frankly, until positive changes occur in the Catholic college in the United States, the Catholic college educational experience here will continue to offend my conscience.

JOHN FRANCIS FLYNN

Reply

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS: I particularly welcome Mr. Flynn's questions; for they give me an opportunity to make clear that my article was not written as an *a priori* program of reform, but as a clarification of the principles underlying current practice in the two Catholic institutions I know best: the "progressive-minded" Catholic University of Louvain, where I received my doctorate in philosophy; and Trinity College, Washington, D. C., where I received my A.B. and where I now teach. The two differ widely, of course, in size, scope of curriculum, etc.; but I am convinced that the concept of the mission of a Catholic scholarly institution is the same for both.

According to the view presented in my article, which shows, I believe, the influence of Cardinal Mercier's thought at Louvain, a Catholic university as such is founded upon a common commitment of its members to the Catholic view of ultimate reality. (The neighboring University of Brussels, founded later than Louvain, is founded upon a common commitment to "free-thought"; similar principles would apply in its practice.) The decision of a professor or student to ally himself with such an institution is a free personal engagement to its specific aims. He may, if he prefers, choose an institution which explicitly rejects any common ultimate commitment, as do most American non-sectarian schools. (The price of this, as Michael Novak has pointed out, is the

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exclusion of ultimate concerns from the areas of serious corporate involvement.)

Students as a rule come to a Catholic college because they are seeking intellectual growth in the Catholic tradition; if they are not, they should go elsewhere, and they do so with our blessing. (As do students who decide that what they really want is nursing or business administration.) For the Catholic students who stay, the theology program is seen as an essential part of the liberal education they came to seek, along with the science, language and literature requirements which we share with secular colleges. Students who come for other reasons—most often simply seeking a good women's college in Washington—are accepted hospitably on those terms, and are excused from theology if they so desire.

No profession of faith is required of either professors or students at our college. Teachers who join the faculty are expected not to contradict in teaching the faith which is professed by the college community. (The one limitation I have heard mentioned is that a professor who advocated artificial birth control would not be assigned a course in the economics of development; a similar limitation would be made, I presume, for a fundamentalist Bible-Christian—however well-trained biologically—if there were question of a course in paleontology.) This restriction has not prevented non-Catholic Christians, Jews, nor, for all I know, Buddhists or professed free-thinkers, from teaching here.

Religious practice is the responsibility of the individual, be he student or faculty member. As regards the students, the college regards providing them with the opportunity to re-think their faith as one of its chief obligations. To this end, the theology program offers a fairly wide range of different approaches to the understanding of Christian Doctrine; the philosophy courses require readings not only in St. Thomas, Augustine, Maritain, but in Descartes, Kant, James and Sartre—all actually designed to challenge the student to probe more deeply into the principles and values which she has been taking for granted. The student who finds this a painful and frightening experience can be sure of a sympathetic and understanding welcome if she seeks help from the faculty; and at least a handful do so every year.

For outside speakers, the only requirements seem to be that the person should be willing to come, and that a reasonably large group of people in the college want to hear what he has to say. (It would be rude to invite a speaker for whom there was no audience.) The application of these principles in our own small college has involved, within the past few years, a jointly-sponsored colloquium with B'nai B'rith; discussions between our own students and a group invited from a nearby Methodist school on "education for the dialogue"; a lecture by the Islamic Ambassador of Pakistan (two of whose daughters have been students here); participation of biologists from iron-curtain countries in a symposium on animal ecology, and of Senator Eugene McCarthy in a political science seminar; talks by and receptions for Margaret Kenyatta of Kenya and Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker; even—and here the administration gave most striking evidence of its broadmindedness—Senator Barry Goldwater, invited by the college's Young Republicans!

I sincerely sympathize with what I take to be Mr. Flynn's unpleasant personal experiences of Catholic education; and I would certainly not contend that *any* institution *always* lives up to its principles. But, even as things stand today, I do not believe there are grounds for dismissing those principles as "pious frauds."

Sister Helen James John, S.N.D.,
Assistant Professor of Philosophy,
Trinity College

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F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Dimension of Greatness

The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Andrew Turnbull. Scribner's $10.

by David Littlejohn

THE Fitzgerald Question, the puzzle that so haunts the critical imagination musing on the man and his works, is precisely that of The Man and His Works: How on earth could this man, this madcap, egotistic, alcoholic hack, this dollar- and publicity-crazy International-Set butterfly ever have produced works of such artistry, depth and crystalline tragic vision? Knowing the man as we do, or think we do, it seems to us impossible that he could ever have found it in him to set in balance the profound and exquisite ironies of *Gatsby* or *Tender is the Night.*

Andrew Turnbull's new edition of *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald* provides, let me say first, materials that may seem only to magnify the first term of the dilemma: there is all the evidence one could ask here of Fitzgerald's brashness, his egotism and folly.

He thought his play (*The Vegetable,* a less-than-impressive affair abandoned after a week in Atlantic City) was about the best American comedy to date . . . "undoubtedly the best thing I have ever written." He ventures, with notable self-assurance, to write his own advertisements, calling himself "one of the half-dozen masters of English prose now writing in America." What other writer has shown such unexpected developments, such versatility, changes of pace, etc., etc.

These letters give witness to the grossest commercial-mindedness, a pathological readiness to criticize others, a disgraceful and so obviously fraudulent foot-licking of the established Great. The collection is filled with apologies for the night before, and vows of sobriety for the days to come. "I don't blame either of you for being disgusted with our public brawl the other day—but the manhole is on again; we are sober . . ." In the disastrous years 1935-37, scarcely a letter goes by without one guilty, compulsive protest that he is now, at last, "on the absolute wagon."

It is perhaps as a father that Fitzgerald appears at his most unfit and unflattering, and Mr. Turnbull has done him the disservice of offering this particular view to us first, by beginning his collection with Fitzgerald's letters to his daughter from out of his declining years. Brought up in the sordid atmosphere of "Babylon Revisited," Scottie was later packed off to boarding schools out of reach of her insane mother and alcoholic father; but the latter continued to monitor her life by a nagging, pretentious series of Chesterfieldian letters.

There is more, of course, than this; this is the black, the expected side. For these letters also go a long way to answer our opening question, in the overwhelming evidence they afford of a depth and subtlety of conscious artistic skill we may have known, until now, only by deduction.

This man may have *been* egocentric, foolish, degenerate, vain—although, even morally, that is far from the whole story. But he was also a trained, committed, and intelligent artist, perceptive and articulate about his literary craft. His comments, collected here, about writing and the writer; his judgments of classic and contemporary authors mark him, to this reader's stunned surprise, as one of the more insightful and discriminating critics and literary theorists of our time. Most illuminating is the running commentary and criticism he provides on his own works—his influences, his intentions, his methods and effects, his realizations and failures. It was not, after all, the result of gin-fired inspiration: he knew, at every stage, precisely what he was about.

Moreover, Fitzgerald's comments on writing go beyond mere criticism and craftsmanship, and begin to suggest the origins of the far more-than-superficial greatness of his work. He convincingly describes style as a function of truth; he talks of the *inner* source of sensation. He writes, to a young author, of the cruel and anti-human commitment of the artist, pledged forever to dragging out and using all that has most wounded, since that is what most will mean. "Maybe someday I'll get a chapter out of it," he concludes his account of a hapless love affair. "God, what a hell of a profession, to be a writer. One is one simply because one can't help it." "Often I think writing is a sheer paring away of oneself, leaving always something thinner, barer, more meager." Why go on? "It is simply that, having once found the intensity of art, nothing else that can happen in life can ever again seem as important as the creative process."

To be an artist, he once wrote, required "the egotism of a maniac with the clear triple-thinking of a Flaubert"—in which phrase he came close, in black-and-white terms, to describing himself. But "maniacal egotism" will not suffice to describe Fitzgerald; the depths here uncovered in his artistic awareness remind us that the folklore Fitzgerald, the Scott of the movies, is only the sour and shimmering surface.

For his was, after all, a tragic story, and not only a pathetic one, because he was a man great and opened-eyed enough for tragedy. Most of these letters are from the last ten years, from 1930 to 1940, and magnify by this accident of survival the tragic character of Fitzgerald's person and career. He is here looking back, wondering how it all came about: Zelda's crack-up, his own, his decline to neglect, to this ignominious drudgery for *Esquire* and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

He wrote then: "I am not a great man, but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur. Anyhow after hours I nurse myself with

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delusions of that sort. . . . But to die, so completely and unjustly after having given so much! . . . in a *small* way I was an original . . . I have not lost faith."

There are letters, understandably, of self-defense, of self-pity, petulant patchings of his shreds of ego—much that *is* only pathetic. He has, for one thing, to keep reminding people bitterly of who he was; he weeps at being out of print. He knows he is a failure, and hates it. By 1936 he was trying to write skits for Burns and Allen, to sell "Babylon Revisited" to Shirley Temple to pay off his debts of more than $40,000, and hocking his car to eat.

The tragic greatness emerges, however, not from the lamentations, but from his adamant and impossible combination of awareness and faith. He had measured to the inch the depth to which he had fallen, knew precisely the blackness of his pit and the forces, self-caused and other, that had driven him in—it is all detailed in "The Crack-Up." And yet he keeps on, believing, trying to climb back out—the next book; the next one. "I have not lost faith. People will *buy* my new book," he wrote, seven months before his death, at forty-four.

He expressed, more than once in these last bitter years, the shape of mind that had made his fight possible. It was what he himself called, "for lack of a better phrase . . . the wise and tragic sense of life . . . the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not 'happiness and pleasure' but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle." His life had been a sodden tangle of unhappiness; but "what do you care about happiness," he wrote to the editor (then twelve years old)—"and who does, except the perpetual children of the world?" Despite the myth, he was not one of them. "Our united front (he was writing of his and his wife's) is less a romance than a categorical imperative."

This is the dimension of greatness: the ability, ultimately, not to *care* about happiness; to work when there is nothing left to work for; to overcome the poisoned, polished hardness of the world with the triumphs of the self. And it is the wonder of this eloquent collection that it transports us so completely—more completely, even, than Turnbull's handsome biography of a year ago, which drew so dramatically on these very letters—into the creative and poignant vigor of so real and so valuable a life.

The Council: Kaiser, Küng, Häring

Pope, Council and World. By Robert Blair Kaiser. Macmillan. $4.95.
The Council in Action. By Hans Küng. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.
The Johannine Council. By Bernard Häring, CSsR. Herder & Herder. $3.50.

by James Finn

THESE three books serve the Second Vatican Council well, each making a distinct and valuable contribution. They are overlapping and complementary, but none can replace the other two. Considering the very real differences of the authors—differences in style, intention, background and position—it is remarkable how similar are their basic attitudes toward the Council and their understanding of what it may accomplish.

Both the virtues and faults of Mr. Kaiser's book are real and readily discernible. Indeed, they are so intertwined, they so evidently derive from the same impetus, that one accepts the faults gratefully if they are the price we must pay for the very generous virtues. Mr. Kaiser is *Time's* Rome correspondent, and *Pope, Council and World* represents a journalist's approach to the Council. It is journalism of a high order, the happy consequence of a good writer who is informed, impassioned and able to draw upon the resources of *Time* in reporting one of the great events of the century.

Mr. Kaiser early establishes his personal competence to move easily along the many political, historical and theological corridors that led eventually to the Second Vatican Council. Like a good guide he is highly selective, emphasizing landmarks that have most meaning for the contemporary reader but implying that he could, if the reader chose, discourse knowingly on lesser milestones along the way. And, like the most interesting guides, he displays deep personal interest in the issues and events he discusses. There is no mask of objectivity, no attempt to appear as an interested but dispassionate dealer in currently fashionable questions. For Mr. Kaiser, it is clear, these issues are felt along the blood. The reader feels with him that the issues before the Council are of the utmost gravity and that the manner of their resolution will have far-reaching consequences.

Mr. Kaiser is also partisan. In the struggle between the conservatives and the progressives within the Church he is openly on the side of the progressives and sometimes, it would appear, even a few steps in advance of them. As a result one always knows where he stands, even when he is on very slippery ground.

Almost the first half of *Pope, Council and World* covers the now-familiar pre-Council discussions and debates and records the rise and decline of optimistic hopes for the Council. Mr. Kaiser brings together, often in sharp and enlightening juxtaposition, the remarks of those who greeted the initial call for the Council with enthusiasm, who were eager that it develop according to Pope John's hopes and who believed that it could accomplish much that was worthwhile, and the remarks of those who opposed the Council, those who were critical or indifferent.

Mr. Kaiser records the hope, the frustration, the dedication, the hard work and the eventual success of the progressives. This is counterpointed by a record of the fears, the procrastination, the sophisticated maneuvering and the eventual frustration of the conservatives. The human element is ever-present in this narrative and we are given actual conversations, reported conversations, rumor and anecdote. Sometimes amusing and sometimes dispiriting, but always interesting, the result is a view of ecclesiastical behavior that many would prefer to keep hidden. But it

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is exactly this kind of secrecy which Mr. Kaiser deplores and which he has deliberately breached. He argues his case convincingly and his own book, I think, is an example of how the Church will benefit from increased exposure.

It is probably only fair to be specific about one's reservations on such a book. More time or more careful editing would probably have curbed the excessive reliance upon the metaphor of the Church as the "bark of Peter," all fitted out with sails, crew, etc.—a reliance which readily allowed a reference to the "bark of Peter" as a "monstrosity." More serious is the ambiguous approach to the Curia, ambiguous not because Mr. Kaiser's own critical attitude is even faintly disguised, but because he can report dishonest, hypocritical actions of members of the Curia—"'I woudn't have believed all this if I hadn't seen it,' said one United States bishop in bewilderment"—and still say, "The curialist approach is rarely malicious. The curialists just do not understand." The charitable muckraker necessarily cuts an ambiguous figure.

The most serious fault however is the author's presentation of traditional teaching regarding the role of the Church in the world. In the conventional duality of "the City of God" and "the City of Man," for example, he replaces "Man" with "Mammon" and establishes his own superiority to those who still employ the two-cities concept far too easily. So opposed is he to the concept that he can write "through it all was the underlying thought, hardly ever expressed, that somehow the world was bad and not really worth leavening; or that it was impossible to leaven. Jesuit theologian Karl Rahner told me as much . . . 'You can't confuse the secular and the sacral. If you do you end up with another—and worse—form of clericalism.'" The abyss between what Rahner said and what Mr. Kaiser interprets him to mean cannot be bridged by the qualifying "as much."

Since the great overarching question the Council must answer is how the Church is to bear witness to Christ's word, Mr. Kaiser has properly focused on a central issue. In over simplifying some of the theoretical problems he has not done justice to his own impressive abilities. But for many people—both Christian and non-Christian—he will have shown how important the question is and given them reason to believe that after this Council the Church will be better able to answer it.

Hans Küng's book is uneven for several reasons, as he explains in his preface. Because it is a collection of discrete essays dealing with closely related material, there is inevitable repetition. Because some of the essays were written before the direction of the Council became unquestionable, there is already slightly dated speculation. Because the essays were prepared for different audiences with different degrees of theological preparation, there is a noticeable difference in density. While even the low points in Father Küng's addresses repay interest, one must acknowledge that there are low points. For example, the first three essays, which are devoted to pre-Council expectations, as well as those devoted to the use of Latin and to the reform of the Breviary, offer little that is new to anyone generally familiar with much of the discussions that preceded the opening of Vatican Council II.

Of Father Küng's book it is the last two general divisions, the essays on "Matters of Doctrine" and "The Church in the Present Age," which are most valuable. Of these essays the longest, the most solid and the most interesting is that devoted to a "problem in controversial theology." Rather than an explanation this is a demonstration of the kind of confrontation that must continue to take place before reunion can be a humanly realistic possibility. "Is there," Father Küng asks "even in ecclesiology, where all Catholic-Protestant arguments come to a head and are bound to do so, a road towards reunion?" And he answers "There is." To advance on the road which he points out, the kind of work with which this essay engages itself is a

Recent and Notable

Greek Myths and Christian Mystery. By Hugo Rahner. Harper and Row. $10. An important study of the relationship between early Christianity and its Hellenistic background.

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Larousse Encyclopedia of Byzantine and Medieval Art. Edited by Rene Huyghe. Prometheus Press. $14.95. A compendious, lavishly produced survey of the periods.

Catholic Thought in Crisis. By Peter Riga. Bruce. $3.50. New trends and controversies in theology, the lay apostolate, etc.

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precondition. Those who have read Father Küng's *The Council Reform and Reunion* or who heard him speak in this country will be prepared for the openness, the brilliance, the ease of his writing. In spite of its low points, a necessary book.

The title of Father Häring's little book *The Johannine Council: Witness to Unity* invites immediate questions. Is it Johannine simply because it was convoked by John XXIII? What is the unity it is witness to? Father Häring answers both questions directly and clearly. "From the first moment of its proclamation, the Second Vatican Council was placed under the sign and symbol of the mystery of unity by John XXIII; under the sign of John the Baptist, the great preacher of conversion from sin, who signifies the return of all men to the paternal heart of God; and under the sign of the beloved disciple John the Evangelist, who explained the meaning of conversion in all its depth as participation in the mystery of love of God in fraternal love."

Father Häring develops each of these statements briefly, considering, in terms of the mystery of unity, the major concerns of the Council—the liturgy, the College of Bishops and the Curia, the clergy, the laymen, and the social concern of the Church. The concluding pages of his essay are devoted to the "conversion of all Christians to unity."

Father Häring, who is recognized as a leader in contemporary moral theology and who is, as is Küng, a *peritus* at the Council, maintains throughout his essay a warm, open, charitable tone. There is no hint of polemics, no sharp edges, nothing aggressive or hostile. In keeping with the Johannine theme his concern is pastoral and his style reflects this concern. This does not prevent him from expressing firm opinions on some of the thorniest issues with which the Council is concerned. To offer only a few examples:

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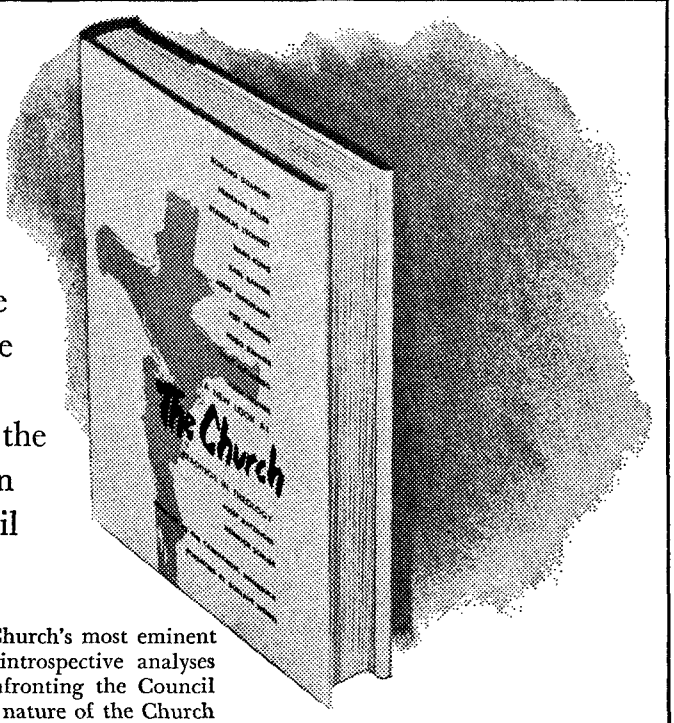

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In these sentiments he would be joined by Mr. Kaiser and Father Küng. In spite of the real and important differences between these authors, it is evident that all hope for and anticipate a deepening of what Pope Paul VI has termed "a dialogue of the Church with the contemporary world." Each of these books participates in that dialogue.

Myth and Reality

The Abolitionists: A Collection of Their Writings. By Louis Ruchames. Putnam. $5.
Slavery: A Problem in American Institutional and Intellectual Life. By Stanley M. Elkins. Grosset & Dunlap (Paper) $1.65.

by Howard N. Meyer

IT HAS BEEN remarked, in more than one context, that Americans are outstanding, if not unique, in their preference for myths in place of reality. The taste for the tall tale is found not only in acknowledged fantasy, the Paul Bunyan story or the Davy Crockett gloss, but in the unacknowledged substitution of myth for reality in popular beliefs on serious subjects. An able and scholarly application of historians to their task, with a commensurate response by journalists and popularizers, sometimes strips away the myth. Disillusionment can be developed in a decade: consider the shift, between 1925 and 1935, in the folk attitude toward World War I as one to make the world "safe for democracy."

The history of race relations has been an area in which most white scholars not only failed to combat the myth-making process, but fostered it. The myths that have made up the popular conception of reality cluster around three fairly well-intrenched stereotypes: "Sambo," the childish, simple, lazy, and mentally inferior nineteenth-century Negro, slave before 1865, free thereafter, but otherwise unchanged; the "Abolitionist," neurotic or fanatic or both, whose harsh invective (so the fable reads) prevented the genial planter from yielding to an impulse to free his slaves; the "Carpetbagger," scoundrelly Yankee, who led Sambo astray with fanciful notions of theoretical equality, got rich doing it, and thereby proved that the Abolitionists were wrong in the first place.

The Carpetbagger stereotype is tenacious: it is so well rooted that its creators and perpetuators should win an all-time award for public relations achievement. The works under review are concerned primarily with the Abolitionist and with Sambo, but the three mythical creations are so interrelated in both origin and continued function that evidence contradicting any one will reflect on the others.

There is, as the great traditions of the Common Law teach us, no evidence like first-hand evidence, and therein lies the value of Dr. Ruchames' *The Abolitionists.* The book is a collection of excerpts from their writings, covering primarily the 1830-40 period of agitation that preceded and produced the growth of antislavery sentiment as a political force. In Dr. Ruchames' judiciously selected and artfully arranged documentary presentation, the traduced and vilified group is given an opportunity to testify in its own behalf: to confront its accusers, as it were.

Did the Abolitionists exasperate the South by assuming pretended virtues at the North? Read Garrison's opening editorial in *The Liberator:* "In the free states—and particularly in New England . . . I found contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen, than among the slaveowners themselves;" or Lydia Maria Child: "Our prejudice against colored people is even more inveterate than it is at the South;" or Angelina Grimke: "We hold that the North is guilty of the crime of slaveholding—we assert that it is a *national* sin."

Did they incite insurrection? Listen to Garrison address a Negro audience: "Conquer their aversion by moral excellence, their proud spirit by love, their evil acts by acts of goodness, their animosity by forgiveness." Were the Abolitionists insensible to the economic and social problems that would be created by the immediate emancipation ("Freedom Now") that they advocated? Dr. Ruchames presents Elizur Wright who speaks of the "duty equitably to restore to them [the slaves] those profits of their labor, which have been wickedly wrested away, especially by giving them that moral and mental instruction—that education, which alone can render any considerable accumulation of property a blessing."

Professor Mark Krug of Chicago asserted recently that the Abolitionists, in their preoccupation with emancipation, refrained from advocating civic and social equality. The reverse is proved, repeatedly, in *The Abolitionists,* beginning with the early charter of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, objecting to imposition of political disability on grounds of "mere difference of complexion." Just 130 years ago, Mrs. Child, an ardent Garrisonian, wrote that "the government ought not to be invested with power to control the affections any more than the consciences of its citizens. A man has at least as good a right to choose his wife as he has to choose his religion." Some still gag at that.

Professor Elkins' *Slavery,* just reissued in paperback, was published in 1959, without being widely reviewed. However, it was not ignored by scholarly journals, and their consensus, as epitomized by the *Library Journal* is confirmed by close study: "Limited recommendation: for college and research libraries."

Slavery is not really a "book" at all, but a group of four essays loosely linked in the framework of the book's subtitle. Written with style and sophistication, the essays are provocative and challenging, but also maddening. The major pair are so unsound as to raise serious question of the wisdom of the decision to put the book into mass circulation by reissue in paperback, a decision, one suspects, traceable not to its content but to the current market value of its title.

The two opening (and relatively minor) studies discuss the history of history-writing about slavery, and the differences in the character of the institution as it developed in secular, free-capitalist America, as contrasted with its nature in the feudal, Church-dominated Portuguese colony of Brazil. Paradoxically

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it was the more closed, authoritarian society that produced a less evil, "milder," form of bondage; credit for the difference is given to the restraining influence of Church and Crown where the slave was worshiper and subject.

The last of Professor Elkins' four essays, a study of the American Abolitionist movement, is condemned in the introduction written for this edition by Dr. Nathan Glazer for showing "a bias, common among contemporary historians, which I find difficult to understand, against the Abolitionists." The post-1830 character of the crusade against slavery, its rejection of compromise, its demand for immediacy, had a historical setting ignored by Elkins (but shown by Ruchames in *The Abolitionists:*) the total failure, in the pre-1830 movement, of doctrines of gradualism and words of moderation. Elkins himself, in another context, provides economic data which explains this and demolishes the hoary myth that the Garrisonians, as J. C. Furnas repeated recently, "strengthened the South's determination not even to consider getting rid of slavery." Elkins shows that the key to the white South's determination was economic: "By 1830 . . . it was no longer possible to consider slavery as a social issue in which there were real alternatives . . . it had become much too profitable."

The most questionable thesis presented in Elkins' work is the third essay: a study, by analogy, of the annihilation of personality in the Nazi concentration camps and, supposedly, on the Southern plantations. The effect of both slavery and segregation on the Negro personality, discussed in the late E. Franklin Frazier's *Black Bourgeoisie, deserves* further exploration—as does their effect on the white personality. The problem is not advanced to solution, however, by treatment on the basis of Elkins' unproved assumption that the personality-stereotype "Sambo" was a fair and accurate description of most plantation Negroes. His sole evidence for this retrogressive hypothesis was that most slaveowners so portrayed them. As Professor David Donald, Mississippi-born (and no uncritical Abolitionist-admirer) wrote of Elkins' *Slavery,* it "suffers from having a dubious major premise —that the Southern Negro was indeed a Sambo, something that Elkins assumes but nowhere even attempts to prove."

Professor John Hope Franklin. in a moving essay, "The American Negro Scholar," written for Herbert Hill's recent *Soon, One Morning,* recalls that in the early years of the present century the *Atlantic, Harper's* and all other "respectable journals," described the U. S. Negro as he was forty years after the end of slavery as "childish, simple, irresponsible, and mentally inferior." Were one to accept Professor Elkins' methodology, that would be adequate proof that they were so: six decades of Negro revolt have proved the contrary.

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Cuttingly Clear

A Slanting Light. By Gerda Charles. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.95.

by Nat Hentoff

GERDA CHARLES, born in Liverpool and now of London, has not yet achieved in this country even the wounding status of a recognized minor novelist. In 1961, Knopf published her second novel, *The Crossing Point*—the first of her books to appear in America. It was respectfully, and in some unmodish places, even enthusiastically reviewed. And then it was forgotten. Now, with small expectation of sales accordingly, no promotional hosannas, Knopf presents *A Slanting Light*. Miss Charles' style has been accurately but insufficiently described as "grave and beautiful." It is also uncannily exact, for all its grace, in its remorseless probing of the most intimate fissures of a considerable range of seemingly familiar characters.

The traditional novel may indeed be over the edge of obsolescence; and yet, though Miss Charles is as far from any avant-garde as Andrew Wyeth, she is nonetheless capable of transmuting that traditional form into a cuttingly clear view of a sizeable diversity of present ways of fencing with life. *The Crossing Point* focused on a Jewish microcosm in a London suburb. *The Slanting Light* is both broader in range and more subtle in its penetration.

There is a Jew at its center, Bernard Zold, an American writer who has come to London for a production of his play. The nature of his work is only glancingly suggested, but he is apparently meant to be the kind of playwright who would mystify the New York *Times*. It is Zold himself, however, with whom Miss Charles is insistently concerned. As a man, he is only barely effectual and chronically frustrated so that his capacity to create is the only way he has of taking some pleasure in his identity. ("How lucky I am after all! I can *use* my indignity . . . At this moment, I tell you, I could get down on my knees and worship my own imagination, my only gift from God; oblique, unpredictable, a slanting light . . . but my particular blessing.")

Zold's Jewishness has helped shape him, particularly in his wry acceptance of suffering and of the division between his unprepossessing physical self and the change in him when he catches a slanting light (a change no one can see in *him*, least of all his family). Essentially, however, Zold is a non-denominational figure. He is not by any means Everyman. But he is the highly sensitized, gropingly moral, unsocial man in all kinds of métiers—a man either wholly apart from any social intimacy or so tangled in insoluble domestic constrictions that he is most alone at home.

Observing Zold throughout the novel is his housekeeper, Ruth. The book is in the form of a series of letters from her to a husband she has left seventeen months before. Just forty, Ruth regards herself with some justification as "a new kind of woman. I am a type of intellectual Englishwomen who has hitherto never been found outside the upper classes. Oh, they abound there . . . intense, unconventional, restless, intelligent . . . But *I'm new;* a new kind of provincial-urban, intellectual Bovary from the sooty-brick, mean streets and the sweet shop on the corner." She is selfish in the sense that she wants to find and gratify her self. She is desperate for a life with "style." Not being able to define, let alone become absorbed in that style, she at least yields on occasion to sensuality. But sensuality too becomes a cage of pain and then of boredom for one who has "never cared for friends, only lovers." Her letters to her husband, incidentally, are written only on the basis that he not answer them. She can bear contact with his hollow propriety ("even your grief is clean") only so long as she need not react to any demands he may make of her.

Little "happens" in the novel in the sense of plot, but there is a gradually deepening understanding by Ruth of Zold, and in consequence, of herself. Zold at least and at best has found in art, not a steering mechanism for his life, but rather "a prism refracting a special color." A prism, moreover, which allows him to survive amid a trivial wife, a lumpish but disturbed child, a brutalized claw of a brother, and a painfully riven mother who stifles memory of her own indignities with querulousness.

Miss Charles underlines Zold's awkward inability—except through his plays—to communicate his concern with getting at essences by placing him against "vain, dry, be-

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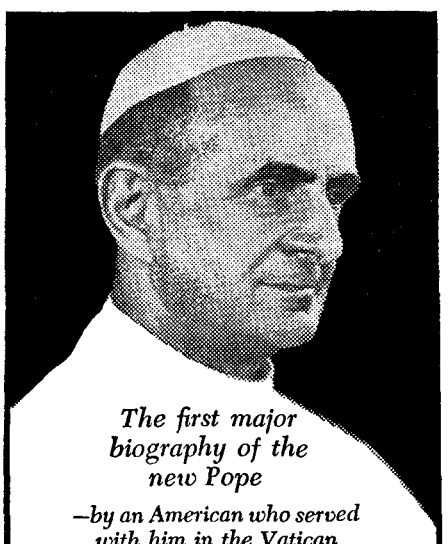
grudging" and facile British literary men. He and his life are also compared implicitly with those of us of "good taste" and easeful manners who would hardly have the patience to cultivate a Zold.

A final and perhaps fundamental intent of *A Slanting Light* is its indication that as Zold is alien in London, he would also be in New York or in any American university town, for that matter. He is alien to his time because of "that great, failing sickness of our society: the lack of moral delicacy in the life of everyday." It is Miss Charles' difficult achievement to have fleshed out this concept of "moral delicacy" in a soft-looking, middle-aged man with a pear-shaped face who is, as she points out, unfashionable—in life, and, to a large extent, in letters.

The Slanting Light moves to its close with measured intensity, but at that close, there is a realization of having been farther inside other people's lives than is comfortable—even in fiction.



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Hans Hoffmann

THE FALL season has opened at the Museum of Modern Art in New York with a most appropriate exhibition, a dazzling display of the work of the eighty-three-year-old "dean of abstract expressionism," Hans Hoffmann. Made up mostly of very recent paintings that were chosen (one must suppose) on the grounds of sheer merit, this exhibit is a harvest of color and form unimaginable in winter, whether of the year or of life —unless in some halcyon climate and in some heroic mold. As to spring or summer, the one would lack its monumental assurance, and the other, the dynamism which charges this group of paintings with an autumn élan.

For Hoffmann, "painting is forming with color." In his work color billows, streams, floats, freezes; it is put on in thin washes or in thick impastos; it darkens, brightens and rings all the changes on the emotions —except despair or even discontent. In looking at Hoffmann one is reminded that Hope is a virtue, and is glad to see it is a modern one in the person of this twentieth-century artist who has lived all his adult life in the forefront of the modern movement. The cavalier certainty with which Hoffmann creates his dynamic compositions of abstract color-forms must come not just from practice-makes-perfect but also from a profound and steady conviction of what he is about.

Unlike a great deal of our abstract expressionism, Hoffmann's paintings really celebrate what the artist sees in nature, in life and the human spirit. Unlike most cnotemporary art the emphasis is not on himself. In the catalogue William Seitz, who assembled this delightful exhibit, quotes the artist as saying "the inner eye . . . sees to the core and grasps the coherence of things" and remarks that Hoffmann believes "it is the mysterious transubstantiated spiritual substance that gives great art its permanence."

It is their spiritual transubstance that gives Hoffmann's paintings their conviction and unity, in any case.

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Memoria In Aeterna (dedicated to Gorky, Pollack, Kline etc.) is an eloquent monument: on a large shadowed expanse a red and a yellow rectangle ascend towards a light-filled horizon into which lambent color from the shadows emerge. *Festive Pink* is a jubilee of color: a joyous pink ground is made festive by outbursts of yellow, white, green and black. *Towering Clouds* is a majestic composition of masses of sonorous billowing color-forms.

That Hoffmann is essentially a romantic painter by temperament—his insights and painting 'ideas' are dynamic—is nowhere more apparent than when he forces his perception of unity into a classical frame. Such works as *Cathedral,* built up in blocks of roughly textured color, have a sort of quivering restlessness, as if the color and paint were unwilling to submit to this framework. Almost as celebrated as a teacher as an artist, perhaps his sympathy for other ways of saying things carried him astray?

Color is the prime conductor of Hoffmann's communications—line, for instance, is only a decoration in these works—but its foundation on the artist's genial mastery of forms-in-space is emphasized by his black-and-white painting. *Tormented Bull* is a massive ink-blot image with banderillas streaming which confronts a small man-blot; in *Image of Fear* a huge dripping knot of black is encircled by minor blobs with trailing tails. In these color is felt by its absence.

In contrast to the robust action and the wide sweep of Hoffmann's work, another exhibit in New York at the Morgan Library, gives a small view of the anguished linear eighteenth-century English artist, William Blake. The watercolor "Illustrations of the Book of Job" are of course illustrations, and Blake was not a painter, but a poet. His insights were literary rather than plastic, but how persuasively he transfers them! Here we have a stylized expression, but he achieves some of his poetic simplicity and incisiveness with these vignettes of Job's tribulations: in particular with "God Answering Job out of the Whirlwind"—a shell-like whirlwind from which God speaks intimately to

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BETTY KAUFMAN

Exhibition Schedules

Hans Hoffmann
Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.C., until Nov. 28
Brandeis U. Rose Art Museum, Jan. 6-Feb. 2, 1964
Isaac Delgado Museum, New Orleans, Feb. 17-Mar. 15
Albright-Knox Museum, Buffalo, Mar. 20-April 26
U. of California, Berkeley, May 11-June 7
Gallery of Modern Art, Washington, D.C., June 21-July 21

William Blake
Morgan Library, N.Y.C., through Nov. 23, 1963

REVIEWERS

David Littlejohn is a member of the faculty at the University of California (Berkeley).

James Finn, formerly an associate editor of The Commonweal, is the editor of *Worldview.*

Howard N. Meyer recently edited a reissue of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment.*

Nat Hentoff has written for the *New Yorker, Harper's* and other journals.

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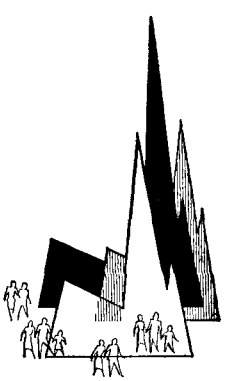

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